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LETTERS

WRITTEN FROM

LAUSANNE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LETTERS

WRITTEN FROM

LAUSANNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

VOL. II.

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LETTER XVIII.

LAUSANNE.

WE wait for your answer in a delightful house, about three quarters of a league from Lausanne, which has been lent to us by a friend. The strangers who wished to take mine, and who have taken it, were anxious to enter into possession as soon as possible. I have left all my furniture just as it was, in order to avoid every kind of fatigue or difficulty of arrangement. I was in the more haste, because we might have been prevented from moving at the time we wished, either by the lying of the snow upon the ground, or by its melting with more than common rapidity. At present

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all this is of little importance to me, but at the time when we left Lausanne I should have wished to have had farther to go, and more new objects to offer to the eye and imagination of my daughter; whatever affection she may have for her mother, I was afraid that being alone with me in the month of March, might make her time hang rather heavy upon her hands. As this would have been the first time I had ever seen her tired of my society, or desirous of avoiding a *tête-a-tête* with me; I confess, from an apprehension of this mortification, I took all the pains in my power to prevent the possibility of its happening. I was provident enough therefore to send before us a port-folio of prints, which was lent to me by Mr. d'Ey**, the Arabian Nights Entertainments, Gil Blas, the histories of Hamilton, and Zadig, besides a piano-

piano-forté and plenty of work. Things however, wholly out of my power, have had more effect than all my care—my lord, his cousin, a wretched dog, a poor negro. But I will give you our history in regular order.

As soon as I had finished my last letter to you, I went to make a call at a house where I knew I should meet all the best company of Lausanne. I advised Cecilia not to come till about half an hour after me, by which time I should have announced my intention of letting our house, and leaving the town; she however said that she was anxious to see the first impression which this news would make. You will see it, answered I; my plan will only spare you the first surprise and the first questions. No, mamma, said she, let me be witness to the whole impression; I wish to enjoy the whole pleasure, or suffer the

whole chagrin which it may occasion. While I am by your side, leaning upon your chair, touching your arm or even your gown, I shall feel myself confident in such strong and amiable protection. You may, mamma, feel the full force of your love for me, but not of mine for you; nor can you conceive how readily I could give up every thing else, provided you might be spared to me. Come, mamma, you are a coward yourself, and think me much weaker than I really am. Need I tell you, my dear friend, that I embraced Cecilia, that I wept, and that I pressed her to my bosom; that as we walked through the streets, I leant upon her arm with more than common pleasure and tenderness; and that, when we arrived at the house, I took care to have a chair placed for her close behind my own. Without doubt you have supposed all
this,

this, but figure to yourself also my poor cousin and his friend the Englishman approaching us with an air of uneasiness, and seeking in our eyes an explanation of the novelty and strangeness which they thought they saw pictured in them. My cousin in particular first looked at me, then at Cecilia, and appeared at once both to wish and dread my speaking; and the other seeing this agitation, was interested both for him and us, and sometimes mechanically put his arm through that of de M***, sometimes laid his hand upon his shoulder, as much as to say you have in me a faithful friend; if you hear any thing unpleasant, you shall find a friend in a stranger, in whom you have hitherto observed nothing but a kind of sympathy with your own feelings, and a certain similarity of character or of circumstances. For my part,

as I had during the whole day thought of nothing but your letter and my answer, as they were connected with my daughter, and as I dreamt of nothing but her, and how she would be affected by our present circumstances, I was so moved by what I saw of the passion of one of our friends, and the tender pity of the other, by the sentiment of the habitual intimacy which was established among us, and by the kind of farewell which we must soon take of each other, that I burst into tears. I leave you to judge of the effect this was likely to have upon the gentlemen, and my daughter.

Our silence now became insupportable; the general uneasiness increased; my cousin grew pale, and Cecilia, pressing my arm, whispered—What is the matter, mamma? what has happened to you? I was at length able to say, I am

am surely a fool, for what after all is the mighty matter? A journey which is neither likely to take us out of the world, nor even to the end of it. Languedock is no great distance. And as you are travelling, sir, we may hope to see you again; and as to you, my cousin, you are going into the same neighbourhood with us. We wish to visit a relation of ours, who is a very pleasing woman, and my particular friend: she also is anxious to see us; and as I am not aware of any obstacle, I am determined to set out as soon as possible. Will you be so good then, my dear cousin, as to go and inform Mr. and Mrs. *** that my house is to be let for six months.

He went to perform his commission, the Englishman sat down, my daughter's guardians and their wives hastened to us; and my lord, seeing us engaged in
 answering

answering their enquiries, leaned upon the chimney-piece, looking at us from a distance. The Bernois came to testify his delight at our intention of passing the summer within a more moderate distance from him than he had expected; and soon after the strangers called upon us, and took our house without any hesitation. All was now arranged except a lodging for us, while we waited for your answer, and this difficulty was removed by our having a lodging offered in the country-house which our English friends had quitted last autumn. This I accepted with great pleasure; thus every thing was settled, and made publick in a quarter of an hour; but the surprise, enquiries, and exclamations, lasted the whole evening.—Those who were most interested about our departure talked of it the least.—My lord contented himself with enquiring

ring the distance of our new habitation, and assuring us that it would be a long time before the route by way of Lyons would be practicable for ladies: he also asked his cousin, if, instead of beginning their tour by way of Berne, Basle, Strasbourg, Nancy, Metz, and Paris, they might not as well begin by Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulouse. Would you then, think you, answered he, find it more easy to quit Toulouse than you now find it to stay away from it? I cannot tell, replied my lord, with less emphasis and an air of less feeling than I should have wished. After having been six weeks at Paris, continued his friend, you shall go just where you please.

CECILIA begged me to take her as my partner at cards, as she said her head was so full of our journey that she was sure she should play extremely ill.—

After

After our game was over, I asked M. d'Ey** to lend us some books and prints; and my cousin offered his piano-forte, which I accepted, as his wife does not play. The Bernois, who has his carriage and horses with him here, begged me to make use of them in going into the country, and to send my orders every morning to his coachman, by a milk-woman who comes to town, if I should want them during the day. It shall be my part, said my lord, always, when the weather is such that the roads are passable, to go and receive the commands of these ladies and bring them to you. That is perfectly right, said his relative, for we poor strangers have nothing to offer but our zeal. The Bernois, however, added, that it would not be long that he should have the pleasure of being of any use to us, as he should be obliged to go

to Berne in order in try to get elected into the Council of Five Hundred, having obtained a fortnight's additional leave of absence for that purpose. As his father is dead, and as he has no uncle in the council, it has been proposed to him to marry a lady of Baretly. The Two Hundred is the sovereign council of Berne; Baretly is the name of the hat peculiar to the members of that assembly; and by a lady of Baretly is meant one whose father has the power of getting any one who marries her, into the Council of Two Hundred. He, however, declined this marriage, saying, that he had not a heart to bestow in exchange for a Baretly, and he could not think of receiving it without giving something in return. We talked about the elections. The bailiff spoke of the *senate* and *senators* of Berne. *Senate* and *senators*,

nators, my dear uncle! exclaimed the nephew; but why not? I have heard that the burgomasters of Amsterdam are sometimes called Consuls by their dependents, and by each other. And you, my dear uncle, why should you not be Proconsul of Asia, residing at Athens? Nephew, nephew, said the bailiff's lady, who is a woman of some wit, if you indulge in these pleasantries, you must marry two or three Baretly's in order to insure your election. Madame de **, our cousin's wife, seeing all the party round us, at length advanced, and addressing herself to her husband—and you, sir, as these ladies are about to go away, may perhaps be prevailed upon to go also; you will no longer every day have letters to write, or other excuses to frame. It is eight days, added she, affecting to laugh, since his trunks have been all tied

tied upon his carriage. Every body
 was silent. Tell me, continued she,
 when shall you be ready to go. To-
 morrow, madam, or this evening, said
 he, turning pale, and moving towards
 the door; and pressing the hand of his
 friend, he left both the room and the
 house. In fact, he set out upon his
 journey that very night, lighted by the
 moon and the snow.

The next day, which was Monday,
 and the day after, I was busy, and or-
 dered myself to be denied to every one;
 and on Wednesday last, about noon,
 CECILIA, FAUCHON, PHILAX, and I,
 in a post-chaise, set out upon our way to
 Reuens. I had taken care to give or-
 ders to have the windows of our apart-
 ment opened, and a fire made in the
 dining-room, and we expected to have
 made our dinner upon soup and eggs.
 But as we approached the house, we

were surprised to observe people moving about in it, to see an appearance of gaiety, the windows all open, and large fires in every room, which seemed to dispute with the sun in drying and warming the air and the furniture.— When we reached the door, my lord and his friend assisted us from our chaise, and carried our boxes and parcels into the house. The cloth was laid, the piano-forte put in order, and a favourite air lying open before it; a cushion placed near the fire for the dog, and the vases upon the chimney-piece filled with flowers: nothing could be more gallant, or more elegantly contrived. We had a capital dinner, excellent punch, and left to the servants great abundance of provisions, pastry, lemons and rum. The gentlemen begged that they might be permitted to come and dine with us once or twice
every

every week. As to coming to drink tea with you, madam, said my lord, I scarcely ask your leave to do that, as you would not refuse it to any one.— At five o'clock their horses were brought, but they gave them to their servants, and, as the weather though cold was fine, we walked with them as far as the great road. Just as they were about to leave us, a handsome Danish dog came towards us with his nose hanging upon the snow; he seemed nearly exhausted, and being stopped by a little heap of snow, he looked wildly round him, tottered, and fell at the feet of CECILIA. She stooped down to caress him, while my lord cried out, and tried to stop her; but CECILIA, affirming that she was sure it was not a mad dog, but a poor creature which had lost its master, and was half dead with fatigue, cold, and

C 2 hunger,

hunger, persevered in fondling it.—The servants were sent to the house to bring some bread, milk, or any thing they could find. As soon as they returned the poor dog ate, drank, and licked the hands of its benefactress. CECILIA wept with pleasure and pity. Careful, as she took it home with her, to suit her pace to that of the enfeebled animal, she scarcely observed her lover when he left her. The whole evening was employed in warming and cherishing this new guest, in finding a name for it, in forming conjectures about its misfortunes, and in guarding against the chagrin and jealousy of Philax. When she went to bed, my daughter made it a bed of her own clothes; and this unfortunate creature has become the happiest animal in the world.

Instead of reasoning, instead of moralizing, let us then give up our hearts

to the love of whatever loves us; if there be danger in love, there is also safety in it; if love produce misfortune, it also produces consolation: when we have once learned to love, it becomes our only business, our only amusement; in a word, the sole pleasure of our lives.

Thus Wednesday passed away: we now began to feel ourselves established in our retreat, and CECILIA shewed no symptoms of being tired. She had not yet applied to half her resources: her books, work, and prints, remained undisturbed in the drawer.

On Thursday, her morning was sufficiently employed with flowers, the dog, and her piano. After dinner, she went to visit the farmer, who occupies one part of our house; caressed his children, and chatted with his wife; while she was there, she observed them

carry some milk out of the kitchen, which she understood was intended for a poor invalid, a negro dying of a consumption, who had been left in this house by some Englishman, whose servant he was. They had strongly recommended him to the farmer and his wife, and left with a banker at Lausanne, an order to pay him weekly, as long as he lived, a pension more than sufficient to supply him with every thing comfortable. CECILIA hastened to me with this information, and earnestly requested me to go with her to see the negro, to speak English to him, and learn if we could any way contribute to his comfort. I am told, mamma, said she, that he speaks no French; and who knows whether these good people, notwithstanding their kind intentions, can make out all his wants? We went, and CECILIA spoke

spoke the first English words she had ever uttered : thus, what love had taught her, humanity brought into use. He appeared to understand and be pleased with what she said. He was free from pain, but had scarcely any remains of life. Mild, patient, tranquil, he seemed, though young, to have neither wishes nor regrets. CECILIA and FAUCHON hardly ever left him. We sometimes gave him a little wine, and sometimes a little soup. I was sitting by him with my daughter, on Sunday morning, when he expired. We remained a good while without moving. Is it thus, then, mamma, said CECILIA, that our existence terminates? and that what had before felt, spoken, and moved, ceases to feel, speak, and move? What a strange fate! to be born in Guinea, sold by his relatives; to cultivate sugar in Jamaica, be the
servant

servant of Englishmen in London; and after all die near Lausanne! We have, however, contributed to soothe his last hours. I, mamma, am neither rich nor wise, nor shall I ever be able to do much good; but, may Providence permit me, wherever I go, to do some; even if it should only be just enough to enable myself and others to say, that my existence has been rather a good than an evil! This poor negro! But why call him poor negro? To die in one's own, or a foreign land—to have lived a long or a short time—to have tasted a little more pleasure or pain—a moment will come, when all this shall be the same: the King of France shall one day be as this negro now is! And I also, interrupted I, and you—and my lord. Yes, said she, it is true, but let us leave this place; I see FAUCHON, who is returning from church,

church, and I will go and tell her what has happened. She went to meet FAUCHON, embraced her, and wept; and then returned to caress her dogs, in the midst of her tears. The negro was buried yesterday. In this instance, we saw death as it is in itself, without any accompaniment; nothing frightful, nothing solemn, nothing pathetick. No relations, no mourning, no sorrow real or pretended; and consequently, my daughter did not receive any very melancholy impression. She continued to visit the body, two or three times a day, and prevailed upon the people of the house to let it be covered and remain untouched in the bed, and to continue to keep the room warm. And in this room she worked and read, which obliged me to do the same, in order to appear as reasonable as she. Ah! how pleased I am to see that she has
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not that kind of sensibility, which makes us flee from the dead, the dying, and the unhappy! At the same time, I do not see her possessed of that activity which seeks them out, and I confess I am pleased with this also. I do not love to see this quality in any but a penitent Magdalen; and even sinful Magdalens themselves should do good as quietly as possible, lest they should seem to be purchasing of the world, as well as of God, not pardon, but indulgence! But I restrain myself, I am silent! I have said too much. What signifies it to the poor, with what kind of an air we relieve them. Should any of the women of whom I speak, read what I have written, I would say—Pay no attention to my rash observations, or give them a deep attention; continue to do good, that you may not be deprived of the blessings of the miserable,

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nor I loaded with their curses, nor with the condemnation of him who says—that “charity covers a multitude of sins.” I have exhorted you to do your alms in secret. Private charity is that which is the most pleasing to God, and the most consolatory to our own hearts; because its motive is the most simple, the purest, the most soothing, and the least mixed with that self-love which is the poison of all the enjoyments of life; but in this instance, the action is of more importance than the motive; and perhaps the good action itself will make the motives better, because the sight of a poor man relieved and grateful, may soften and change the heart.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

SIR,

You seemed so grave yesterday, that I cannot help enquiring after the cause of your uneasiness. You may, perhaps, refuse to tell me, but you cannot take my asking amiss: since yesterday, you have never been out of my thoughts. My lord comes to see us almost every day. It is true, he seldom stays more than a single moment. Do you think that this excites attention at Lausanne, or that I can be blamed for receiving him? You know him as perfectly as it is possible to know a young man; you know his relations, and their way of thinking, and I doubt not you have read the heart of CECILIA; tell me how I ought to conduct myself. I am, sir,

Your very humble,

and most obedient servant.

LETTER XX.

It is true that my spirits are much depressed. I am so far from taking your question amiss, that I have already determined to give you my history, but it must be in writing; this will afford me employment, and the only species of amusement of which I am at all capable at present. All that I can say with regard to my lord, is, that I do not know him to be guilty of any vice. I cannot tell whether he loves Miss CECILIA as much as she deserves or not, but I am almost sure that he does not feel interested about any other woman, and that he is free from all connections of a looser kind. About two months ago, I wrote to his father, that he seemed likely to attach himself to a young lady without fortune, but whose birth, education, character,

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rafter, and personal accomplishments, were every thing that could be desired;

and I asked him whether he wished me to find some pretext to make his son leave Lausanne. For, to endeavour, madam, to detach him from you and your daughter, would have been to tell him, that there is something better than beauty, goodness, elegance, and a clear understanding. I have more reason than any other man to refuse to burthen myself with this odious and absurd task. Both his father and mother wrote to say, that provided their son loved and was beloved, and and that he married from love and not from honour, they should be perfectly content; and that the manner in which I spoke, both of the young lady and her mother, left no reason for apprehension. They were, undoubtedly, right; and I have taken care to point
out

out to the young man, the shame and despair of being obliged coolly to fulfil an engagement, in which he had involved himself in a moment of folly; for to refuse to perform an engagement of this kind, is a thing which I did not wish to have supposed possible.

I do not believe, madam, that his visits are considered as any thing remarkable; indeed, he mentioned his intention publicly before your departure. He is observed to be assiduous in his studies, and to be every evening in company with ladies.

I have heard from your relation at Lyons: he arrived there without any accident, though he travelled night and day, and the roads were more covered with snow than they have been any time this season. He is by no means happy.

I will sit down to write my history, perhaps this very evening.

I have the honour to be,

Madam, &c.

WILLIAM ***.

LETTER XXI.

My history is as romantick, madam, as it is melancholy; and you will be disagreeably surprised to see, that circumstances so uncommon, as to be scarcely within the bounds of probability, have after all produced nothing but an ordinary man.

My brother and I were born almost at the same instant, and our birth caused the death of my mother. The violent grief of my father, and the agitation which prevailed through the whole house for some moments, made
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the two infants be confounded together, and it was never known which of them was the eldest. One of our female relations always thought that it was my brother, but without being certain, and as her testimony was neither supported nor contradicted by any one, it produced a kind of presumption, and nothing more; for whenever she considered the subject seriously, she found there was no foundation for her opinion. This idea made some impression upon me, but none upon my brother. He determined to have nothing but in common with me, and even to remain single in case I should marry. I made the same resolution, so that having but one family between us two, we must have the same heirs, and the law could never be called upon to decide between our rights and our claims.

If accident thus made us as equal as possible, it did no more than imitate nature; education also lent its aid to increase and strengthen this similarity. We resembled each other in our shapes and disposition, our tastes were the same, and our employments, as well as amusements, were in common. The one did nothing without the other, and our friendship was rather the effect of nature than of choice; so much so, that we were scarcely aware of its existence; other people talked of it, but we did not think of it till we were about to separate. My brother was intended to be brought forward in parliament, and I to serve in the army; he was to be sent to Oxford, and I to be boarded in the house of an engineer; but, at the moment of parting, our grief and our prayers obtained me leave to accompany him to the university;

sity; and I there participated in all his studies, as he did also in all mine. I learned with him the rights of nations and history, and he with me mathematics and tactics; and we both of us were fond of general literature and the fine arts. It was now that we began to feel with enthusiasm the sentiment which united us; and if this enthusiasm did not render our friendship stronger and more tender, it certainly made it more fertile in action, in sentiment, and in thought; so that being more employed, we tasted it more fully. Castor and Pollux, Orestes and Pylades, Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, David and Jonathan, were our heroes. We were persuaded that no one could be either cowardly, or vicious, who had a friend, because the fault of one friend would be imputed to the other, and excite in him feelings

ings of shame and uneasiness; and besides, what motive could either of us have to commit a bad action? Certain of each other, what riches, what ambitious views, or what mistress even, could tempt us so strongly, as to draw us from the paths of virtue? Both in history and in fable, we looked for anecdotes of friendship, and it seemed to us to comprise in itself all that is virtuous and happy.

Three years had thus passed away, when the American war broke out: and the regiment to which I had for some time belonged, was sent into that country. My brother came to tell me this, and speaking of going away, and of the voyage, I was surprised to observe that he used the word *us* instead of *you*, and looked at him as for an explanation. Could you then imagine that I would permit you to go alone,
said

said he? Seeing me about to speak, he added, Make no objections, to do so, would be the cause of the first uneasiness you ever gave me, and you might as well spare me this also. We now went to pass a few days with my father, who, with all our other relations, pressed my brother very much to give up his wild scheme. He was, however, immoveable; and we set out together. The first campaign was productive of nothing of importance, but was pleasing and honourable to us; and an ensign, in the company to which I belonged, having been killed, my brother solicited and obtained his place. Being dressed alike, of the same height, and having a great resemblance in our features and the colour of our hair, we were constantly mistaken for each other, though we were almost perpetually together.—

During

During the winter, we found means to continue our studies, to take plans and draw maps, and to play upon the harp and the violin, while our comrades wasted their time in play and with women. I do not blame them much, however; for, who is there that can live without employment, and alone?

At the commencement of the second campaign—But why should I detail to you the steps which led to the severest of my misfortunes? He was wounded by my side: Poor WILLIAM, said he, as we bore him to our tent, what will become of you? Three days I lived between fear and hope; three days I was witness to the most painful sufferings, endured with the greatest patience; at length, on the evening of the third day, he became worse every moment. Work a miracle, O God, cried I, and restore him to me!

me! Deign rather to grant my WILLIAM consolation, said my brother, with a voice scarcely audible; and, feebly pressing my hand, he expired.

I do not clearly remember what passed, for some time after his death. I found myself in England, and my friends took me to Bath and Bristol. I was a mere walking shadow; and excited surprise and compassion by the wretched and useless portion of existence which I dragged about. One day, I had sat down upon a bench in the publick walks, one while opening a book, which I had taken with me, and then again laying it beside me. A lady, whom I recollected to have seen before, came and sat down at the other end of the bench; we remained in this situation a long time without speaking; I, for my part, scarcely observing her; at length, however, I turned towards her,

her, and answered some questions, which she put to me in a gentle and modest tone of voice. When I, a few minutes afterwards, attended her home; I considered myself as doing so merely from politeness, and a kind of gratitude for her attention; but the next, and following days, I was anxious to see her again; and her mild conversation, and soothing attentions, soon became more acceptable to my imagination than its own melancholy reveries, which, nevertheless, had hitherto been my only pleasure. CALISTA (for that was the name she had acquired, from a character which she had performed with great applause the first and only time she ever appeared upon the stage) was of a respectable family, and related to some people of fortune; but her mother, a profligate woman, and in great poverty, desirous of making the most
of

of her person and talents, and the most delightful voice that ever was heard, had, from an early age, devoted her to the profession of an actress; and the part of CALISTA, in the "Fair Penitent," was the one chosen for her to make her first appearance in. As soon as the play was over, a man of some consequence enquired for her mother, made a bargain with her, and the next day set off with her daughter for the Continent. Notwithstanding her religion, she was put into a respectable convent at Paris, under the name of CALISTA, a young lady of distinction, whose family name was to be concealed for important reasons.

She soon became the favourite of the nuns and of her companions, and she was so far from betraying herself by any peculiarity of manner acquired from her mother, that they believed

her to be the daughter of the late Duke of CUMBERLAND, and, consequently, the cousin of our King; and when this was mentioned, the blushes which the idea of her real condition called up in her face, strengthened this suspicion, rather than destroyed it.—She soon excelled, to a most extraordinary degree, in all kinds of work. She began to take lessons in drawing and painting; she already danced very well, as her mother had intended her for the stage; she perfected herself in this seducing art, and also learned to sing and play upon the harpsichord. It has always appeared to me, that she played and sung as other people speak, or rather as they ought to speak, and as she did herself. What I mean is, that she played and sung, either from knowledge or memory, whatever was asked of her, whatever

whatever was laid before her, beginning again if interrupted a thousand times, seldom indulging her own taste, but taking particular pleasure in shewing the talents of others to the greatest advantage. There never was a more accomplished musician, nor did this talent ever better become any one.— This degree of perfection and facility was not, however, acquired in Paris, but in Italy, where her lover passed two years with her, solely devoted to her, and occupied in promoting her instruction and amusement. After travelling four years, he brought her back to England; where, living with her, sometimes at his own house in the country, and sometimes in London with his uncle General D——, he enjoyed four years of life and happiness; but neither love nor happiness can ward off the approaches of death, and

he fell a victim to an inflammation of the lungs. I leave her nothing, said he to his uncle, a few moments before he died, because I have nothing in my power; but you live, you are rich, and what she may receive from you, will be more honourable to her than if it had been left to her by me: upon this subject, therefore, I feel no uneasiness, and I die in peace.

The uncle, at the end of some months, gave her the house wherein I saw her at Bath, with an income of four hundred pounds a year. He, every season, passed some weeks with her there, and whenever he had an attack of the gout, he sent for her to his own house. She resembled you, or you resembled her, I know not which I ought to say. In her thoughts, in her judgment, and in her manners, she had, like you, a something, I know

know not what to call it, which, neglecting trifling considerations, advanced straight forwards to what was of real importance, to what characterises men and things. Her mind, her conversation, her tone, and her thoughts, were always in unison. What was merely ingenious never interested her; prudence alone never decided her conduct, and she used to say, that she did not well know what was meant by reason; but she became ingenious to oblige, prudent in order to spare the pain of others, and seemed to be reason itself when she wished to remove uneasy impressions, and to restore tranquillity to a tortured heart, or to a mind which had wandered from its duty. You are often gay and sometimes impetuous, but she was never either the one or the other. Dependant though adored, disdained by some whilst she was served

in the most humble manner by others, she had contracted a kind of sorrowful reserve which I can hardly describe, but which seemed to be a mixture of pride and apprehension; and if she had been less tender, she would have had the appearance of being haughty and severe. Seeing her one day retreat from some persons who had addressed her with eagerness, and looked at her with admiration, I asked her the reason. Let us advance towards them, said she, they have enquired who I am, and you will see with what an air they will now receive me! We made the trial: she had guessed rightly, and a tear accompanied the smile and the look with which she made me observe it. Of what importance is it to you, said I? One day, perhaps, it may be of importance, said she, blushing. I did not comprehend her meaning till a long

long time after. I recollect another instance, being asked to the house of a lady, where I was going also, she declined the invitation. But why? said I to her, that lady and all those you meet at her house are agreeable, and admire you. Alas! said she, they are not open affronts which I dread the most; I know my own, and the hearts of those who despise me, too well to place myself upon their level; but it is politeness, and the care which is taken not to speak of an actress, a kept-mistress, of my lord or his uncle, that I fear. When I see the kind and the good suffer on my account, and obliged to restrain themselves on some subjects and talk more than they wish on others, I myself suffer also. In my lord's life-time, gratitude made me sociable; I tried to gain the hearts of others, that I might not afflict his. If
his

his servants had not respected me, if his relations and friends had spurned me, or I had avoided them, he would certainly have quarrelled with them all. The people who came regularly to his house were so well accustomed to me, that they often said the most offensive things before me. A thousand times have I laughed, and made a sign to my lord to let them go on; sometimes satisfied that they had forgotten my true situation, sometimes flattered that they considered me as an exception to those of my own class, and consequently, that whatever they said of their impudence, their intrigues, and their avarice, had no relation whatever to me. Why did he not marry you, cried I? He never mentioned it but once, answered she; and then he said, "Marriage, between us, would be
"merely an empty ceremony, which
"would

“ would add nothing to my respect,
 “ nor to the inviolable affection which
 “ I have sworn to you; had I, how-
 “ ever, a throne to give you, or even
 “ a tolerable fortune, I should not he-
 “ sitate; but I am almost ruined; you
 “ are much younger than I am, and
 “ what advantage would it be to you,
 “ to be left a titled widow without
 “ any fortune? I am mistaken in
 “ the world, or she who has gained
 “ nothing by living with me, but
 “ the pleasure of making the man
 “ who adored her the happiest of mor-
 “ tals, will be more respected than
 “ she who is left with a name and a
 “ title.*”

You are probably, madam, surprised
 at the exactness of my memory, or
 perhaps you may suspect me of adding

* He was mistaken in the world, and reasoned
 foolishly.

and

and embellishing. Alas! when I shall have made you fully acquainted with the character of her whose words I repeat, you will change your opinion, and be no longer astonished that I so well recollect our first conversations. Of late, in particular, they return to my memory with a wonderful accuracy; I seem to see the very place where she spoke, and I think that I still continue to hear her. I return, in order to describe her the more perfectly, to the comparison which I have never ceased to make since the first moment I had the happiness of seeing you. More silent than you in common society, but with the same affectionate heart; as she had no CECILIA, she was more engaging, more attentive, and even more insinuating to those she loved; her mind was not so strong as yours, but more active; her expression

expression less lively, but more gentle; in that country, where the arts occupy the place which in this is held by the picturesque beauties of nature, which strike the senses and speak to the heart, she had the same sensibility towards the former, that you have to the latter. Your household establishment is simple and noble, and one feels in your house as in the house of a woman of rank, but of one limited in her circumstances; her's was ornamented with taste and œconomy: she spared as much of her income as she could for the poor young women whom she had undertaken to educate; but she worked like one of the fairies, and each day her friends found in her house something new to admire, or something comfortable to enjoy. Sometimes a convenient piece of furniture, made by her own hands; sometimes a vase, for which

which she had drawn a design, and by so doing, made the fortune of the manufacturer. She copied portraits for her friends, and for herself, the pictures of the best masters. What talents ! what means of pleasing, was not this amiable woman in possession of !

Attended to and amused by her, my health returned; life no longer seemed to me a burthen too heavy and too wearisome to be borne; at length I began to weep for my brother, at length I could bear to speak of him; and I did talk of him without ceasing. I wept myself, and I made her weep. I see, said she, one day, the reason why you, though a man, are tender and gentle in your manners. The bulk of mankind, who have had merely common acquaintances, and those of their own sex, have little delicacy or mildness

mildness, and such as have lived much with women, though more amiable at first sight, yet being less active, and unskilled in the exercises of men, soon become sedentary, and after some time, cowardly, teasing, selfish, and subject to the vapours like ourselves. Your amusements and exercises with your brother, have made you strong and active; and in his society, your heart, naturally feeling, has become gentle and tender. How happy must he have been, cried she, one day, when with a heart full of my brother, I had talked of him for a long time! Happy will that woman be, who shall replace this much-loved brother! And who shall love me, as he loved me, added I.—That part of it would not to be difficult to find, answered she, blushing at the same time. You never can love any woman as you loved him; bnt, if

you had only that tenderness which you are still capable of feeling, and if she believed that you loved her better than any one, now your brother being no more—I looked at her, and saw the tears rolling down her cheeks—I threw myself at her feet, and kissed her hands. Have you not before perceived, said she, that I love you? No, said I, and you are the first woman from whom I ever heard this delightful confession. I am recompensed, said she, making me sit down, for the long restraint I have laboured under, and for the mortification of your not discovering my attachment; I loved you from the first moment I saw you; before I knew you, I had felt gratitude but never love, and I feel it now when it is too late. What a situation is mine! the less I deserve to be respected, the more I feel the want of
being

Being so. I should now feel as an insult, what might once have been considered as the marks of love; upon the least neglect of the most strict decorum, alarmed and humbled, I should with horror call to my recollection, what I have been, what renders me unworthy of you in my own eyes, and no doubt in yours also, that which it is both my wish and my duty never to become again. Alas! I did not know the true value of a life and a reputation without a stain, till I became acquainted with you. How often have I wept at the sight of a young woman in the lowest situation, but chaste, or at least innocent! In her situation, I would have devoted myself to you; I would have served you by any name, and in any condition you might have pleased; I would have concealed myself from all the world but you; had you even married,

ried, I would have served your wife and your children, and I should have been proud of being so completely your slave, and of doing and suffering every thing for you. But, alas! what can I now do? What is there that I can offer you? Known and degraded as I am, I can neither become your equal, nor your servant. You see I have turned the subject every way in my mind; indeed, for a long time past, I have thought of nothing but of my love for you, of the misery and of the pleasure of loving you; a thousand times have I resolved to withdraw myself from all the evils which I foresee are about to fall upon me; but who can escape from his destiny? By telling you how much I love you, I have at least secured to myself one moment of happiness. Do not anticipate ill, said I; for my part, I look not to the future;

future; I see you, and that you love me. The present is too delightful to permit me to torment myself about what is to come; and, saying this, I pressed her to my bosom. She shrunk from me. I will then, said she, speak no more of the future; far be it from me, to tease him I love. Go, for the present, leave me to recover my spirits; and, for your part, do you reflect seriously upon what becomes both you and myself; perhaps, you may be more prudent than I am, and not wish to engage in a connexion which promises so little happiness. To think that it will always be in your power to leave me without being unhappy, would be to deceive yourself; but, as yet, you may quit me without being guilty of cruelty. I should certainly be inconsolable, but you would have nothing to accuse yourself of. Your health is

re-established, and you may leave this place. If you return to-morrow, that will be an avowal that you accept my heart; and from that moment, you cannot, without remorse, make me wholly unhappy: think of this, continued she, pressing my hand, once more I repeat, you may now go away; your health is wholly restored. Yes, said I, but it is to you that I owe its being so; and I left her.

I did not deliberate, I made no calculations, I had no struggles with myself, and yet as if something had held me back, I did not leave my own house till very late the next day; and when the evening was pretty far advanced, I found myself at CALISTA's door without having made any regular resolution to return there. Good heavens! what joy did I see sparkle in her eyes! You return, you return! cried she. Who, cried

said I, could willingly fly from so much felicity! after a long night, the day-spring of happiness just shews itself, and shall I shrink from it, and once more plunge myself into sorrow and darkness? She looked at me, and placing herself opposite, raising her eyes to heaven, and joining her hands, while she wept and smiled at the same time, with a look of celestial mildness, she repeated, he is returned! Ah! he is returned! but, added she, the conclusion of this affair must be unhappy. I cannot even hope it should be otherwise, but it may, perhaps, be at a distance. I may even die before this misery come upon me. Make me no promises, continued she, but attend to me while I swear to love you for ever. I am sure that I shall always do so; should you even desert me, I should not cease to love you. I wish that
moment

moment in which you have reason to suspect my affections, may be the last of my life! But come with me, come, let us go and sit down upon the bench upon which I first spoke to you.—Twenty times before had I approached you, but I never had courage to speak to you. That day, I was more bold—Blessed be that day! blessed be my boldness! blessed be the bench, and the ground upon which it is placed! I will plant near it a rose, a honeysuckle, and a jessamine. She did plant them, and they grew and flourished—alas! they are now all the memorial that remains of this most tender of attachments.

But I should attempt in vain, madam, to describe to you all the softness, and inexpressible charms of this most amiable young woman! I can give you no idea of the tenderness, the delicacy,

delicacy, the address, with which she for so long a time opposed the attempts of love, by love itself; subduing the senses by the heart, substituting the mildest pleasures for those of the most lively nature, making me forget the charms of her person, by engaging my whole attention to her elegance of manners, her understanding, and her talents! Sometimes, when I complained of her reserve, which I called harshness and indifference, she would say, it is possible your father may consent to our marriage: but when I wished to set off to apply to him, she would stop me, saying, till you have actually applied to him, we shall have the happiness of anticipating his approbation. Thus nursed, as it were, by love and hope, I lived as happily as a man can do, whose mind is not wholly calm, and
whose

whose heart is filled by a passion, which he has long been accustomed to consider as unworthy to occupy the heart of a man. Oh, my brother! my brother! would I sometimes cry; but you are no more, and who was so worthy as she to occupy your place?

My days did not, however, roll on in complete indolence. The regiment in which I had served having been involved in the disgrace at Saratoga, had I returned to America, I must have entered into another corps; but my father, the more grieved by the loss of his son, because it happened in a war which he did not approve, swore that I should never go there again; and taking advantage of the circumstance of the capitulation at Saratoga, he contended, that as my bad health alone had separated me from my regiment, I ought to be considered as still
 belonging

belonging to that part of the army which was bound not to serve against the Americans. Thus, having in some measure quitted the service, though I still retained my uniform and my commission, I began to prepare myself for the House of Commons, and for publick employments; and in order that I might acquit myself well in these pursuits, I determined to study, at the same time, the laws and the history of my own country, and the best mode of expressing myself in its language. I considered eloquence as the power of enticing and winning over those whom we cannot convince; and this power seemed to me necessary with so many people, and upon so many occasions, that I thought I could not take too much pains to acquire it. After the example of the famous Lord CHATHAM, I employed myself in translating
Cicero

Cicero and Demosthenes, particularly the latter, burning my translation, and recommencing it a thousand times.—

CALISTA assisted me in finding words and phrases, though she understood neither Greek nor Latin; but when I had translated my author literally, I often observed, that she comprehended his meaning more perfectly than I did; and when I translated Pascal or Bossuet, she was of still greater service.

Lest I should neglect the employments which I prescribed to myself, we had regulated all the occupations of the day; and if, forgetting myself in her company, I suffered one to pass without being satisfied with my exertions during it, she made me pay a fine for the benefit of her poor dependants. I was an early riser, and two hours of my morning were dedicated to walking with CALISTA. Hours too short!
delightful

delightful walks! where every thing seemed adorned and enlivened to bless the union of two hearts, of two hearts at once tranquil and delighted; for nature is the only third being which lovers may be allowed to love, and which can share their admiration without weakening their mutual affection. All the rest of my time, before dinner, was employed in study. I dined at home, but went regularly to drink my coffee with her. I always found her dressed; I then shewed her what I had done, and as soon as I was satisfied with it, having corrected it with her, I copied it again from her dictating.—After this, I read such new publications as were worth our notice; and when nothing new excited our curiosity, I read to her Rousseau, Voltaire, Fenelon, Buffon; in short, the best and pleasantest books in your language.

I then used to go to the publick rooms, lest, she used to say, it should be supposed, that in order to keep me more securely, she had buried me alive.— After having passed an hour or two there, she permitted me to return, and spend the remainder of the evening with her. We then, according to the season, walked or chatted, or amused ourselves with musick, till supper time; except two days in the week, when we had a real concert. At her house I have heard the most skilful musicians, as well English as foreigners, display their whole art, and exert their utmost genius. CALISTA's attention and sensibility excited their emulation more than the money of the great. She never invited any one, but sometimes a few gentlemen of the first families obtained permission to attend them. At one time, the ladies made an application

cation to her for the same purpose, but she refused them. Another time, some gay young gentlemen, hearing the musick, ventured to come in. CALISTA told them that they had no doubt made a mistake, but that they might stay, provided they preserved the most profound silence; at the same time, she begged that they would not come there again without an invitation. You see, madam, that she knew how to make herself respected; even her lover was no more than the most submissive and the most delighted of her admirers. Oh women! women! how unhappy are you, when the man you love makes use of your affection as the means of tyrannizing over you, when, instead of elevating you so high that he may think himself honoured by your preference, he glories in making

himself feared, and in seeing you cringe at his feet !

After the concerts, we used to give a supper to our musicians and amateurs. I was allowed to defray the expences of these suppers, and it was the only permission of this kind which I had. No entertainments were ever more gay. English, Germans, Italians, all our *virtuosi*, here mixed, in one strange mass, their language, their acquirements, their prejudices, and their attempts at wit. Under the management of any one but CALISTA, these suppers would have been flat and tedious, or have degenerated into riot and confusion; as she conducted them, they were decent, gay, and extremely amusing.

CALISTA having found that the hour immediately after supper was, when
we

we were alone, the most difficult to pass, (unless the moon invited us to walk out, or some very entertaining book tempted us to finish it,) thought of calling to her aid, upon these occasions, a little fellow who played upon the violoncello, a dirty drunken creature, but very skilful in his profession. A secret sign to her footman brought in this little gnome. As soon as I saw him enter, as if he had risen from the earth, I began to curse him in my heart, and prepare to leave the room; but a look or a glance stopped me, and I have often stood motionless with my hat upon my head, leaning upon the door, and listening to the delightful things produced by CALISTA'S voice and harpsichord, aided by the instrument of my evil genius. At other times, I, though grumbling, took up my violin or my harp, and played till

CALISTA sent us both away. Thus weeks, months, nay a whole year, passed away; and you may even now perceive, that the mere remembrance of that delightful period has kindled a spark of gaiety in my heart, deeply as it is affected by grief.

At length I received a letter from my father: he had been informed that my health, perfectly re-established, required no longer a residence in Bath; and he proposed to me to return home, and marry a young lady, whose fortune, birth, and education, were all equal to any expectations I could have formed. I answered that my health was certainly quite restored; and, after having talked of her to whom I was obliged for its being so, and whom I, without attempting disguise, mentioned as the mistress of the late Lord L**, I declared that I would never marry,
unless

unless he permitted me to marry her : and conjuring him not to listen to an unmeaning prejudice which might induce him rashly to reject my request, I intreated him to inform himself in London, Bath, and wherever he pleased, as to the character and morals of her I wished to make his daughter.— Yes, her morals, repeated I, and if you find that, before the death of her lover, she ever failed in her regard to decency, or since have, at any time, given rise to the least suspicion; if you hear her name mentioned, but with praises and blessings; I at once renounce my dearest hope, the only good which can make me regard life as a blessing, or induce me to rejoice in the preservation or recovery of my reason. Read the answer which I received from my father.

“ You

“ You are of age, my son, and may
 “ marry without my consent: as to my
 “ approbation, you certainly can never
 “ have it to the marriage you talk of;
 “ and if you do enter into it, I will
 “ never see you again. I have no
 “ anxiety for high rank, (nay, you
 “ know I permitted a younger branch
 “ of our family to solicit and ob-
 “ tain a title, without making the
 “ least exertion to procure one for my-
 “ self;) but honour is dearer to me
 “ than to any other, and no one shall
 “ ever, with my consent, taint my
 “ honour, or that of my family. I
 “ shudder at the idea of a daughter-
 “ in-law, before whom I should not
 “ dare to speak of chastity; of grand-
 “ children, to whom I could not re-
 “ commend that virtue, without ma-
 “ king their mother blush. And must
 “ not you blush also, while I exhorted
 “ them

“ them to prefer honour to the in-
 “ dulgence of their passions, and not
 “ to suffer themselves to submit to
 “ their dominion? No, my son, I
 “ will never give to such a daughter-
 “ in-law the place of the wife I
 “ adored. You may bestow upon her
 “ the same name, and, perhaps, make
 “ me die with mortification, by doing so,
 “ (for my very blood runs cold at the
 “ mere idea ;) but, whilst I live, she
 “ shall never sit in the seat of your
 “ mother. You know how much the
 “ birth of my children cost their mo-
 “ ther; you know that the friendship
 “ between my sons cost me one of
 “ them; and it remains with you, if
 “ you think proper, to deprive me, by
 “ the indulgence of a foolish passion,
 “ of the only one that remains; for I
 “ shall have no longer a son, should
 “ that son unite himself to such a
 “ woman.”

CALISTA, when she saw me return to her later than usual, and with a dejected and mortified air, at once guessed the contents of the letter ; and having prevailed upon me to give it to her, I could see that, as she read it, every word struck into her heart like a dagger. Do not, however, wholly despair, said she, let me write to him to-morrow; at present, I should not be able to do so; and sitting down beside me on the sofa, she leant upon me, and bursting into tears, caressed me with less reserve than she had ever done before. She well knew that I was too much affected to take advantage of this. I have translated CALISTA's letter as well as I am able, and transcribe it for your perusal.

“ Suffer, sir, an unhappy woman to
 “ appeal from your judgment, to your-
 “ self, and to dare to plead her cause
 “ before

“ before you. I perceive, but too
 “ clearly, the force of your reasons;
 “ but deign, sir, at the same time, to
 “ consider that there are circumstances
 “ in my favour, which may be op-
 “ posed to those which lead you to
 “ reject me. Reflect, in the first place,
 “ whether the most entire attachment,
 “ the liveliest tenderness, and the most
 “ deeply felt gratitude, may not weigh
 “ something in that balance, which I
 “ wish you to hold, and to consult
 “ upon this occasion. Deign to ask
 “ yourself, if your son could expect
 “ from any other woman, these senti-
 “ ments to the degree in which I do,
 “ and always shall feel them; and let
 “ your imagination paint to you, if it
 “ can, all that they would enable me
 “ to do, and to suffer for his sake.
 “ Consider also other marriages, mar-
 “ riages which appear the most suit-
 “ able

“ and advantageous, and if you per-
 “ ceive in almost all of them, inconve-
 “ niences greater and more intolerable
 “ than those which you dread in the
 “ one your son is anxious for, will not
 “ this lead you to look upon it with
 “ more kindness, and to be less ardent
 “ in your desire for any other? Alas!
 “ were there nothing required to make
 “ your son happy but a noble birth,
 “ a pure life, and an untainted repu-
 “ tation; if to have been prudent were
 “ all; if to love him passionately and
 “ exclusively were nothing, believe
 “ me, I should have been sufficiently
 “ generous, or rather I should have
 “ loved him sufficiently, to silence for
 “ ever the only desire, the only ambi-
 “ tion of my heart.

“ You consider me as particularly
 “ unworthy to be the mother of your
 “ grand children. - I submit with deep
 “ sorrow

“ sorrow to your opinion, founded no
 “ doubt upon that of the publick. If
 “ you consulted nothing but your own
 “ judgment ; if you would condescend
 “ to see me, and to know me, your
 “ decree would, perhaps, be less se-
 “ vere ; you would see with how
 “ much docility I should be capable
 “ of repeating to them your lessons,
 “ lessons which I have not followed
 “ myself, but which were never given
 “ to me : but, suppose that they
 “ should lose some part of their force
 “ in passing through my mouth, you
 “ should see me, at least in my con-
 “ duct, invariably offering them an ex-
 “ ample of decency. Wholly dis-
 “ graced as I seem to you, believe me,
 “ sir, no woman, let her rank or her
 “ condition be what they may, has
 “ ever been more perfectly protected
 “ than myself, from seeing or hearing
 VOL. II. H “ any

“ any thing licentious, Ah, sir, would
 “ it indeed be so difficult for you to
 “ form an idea somewhat more favour-
 “ able, of her who has attached her-
 “ self to your son by the ties of the
 “ most tender love! I conclude, by
 “ solemnly assuring you, that I will
 “ never consent to any thing which
 “ you condemn, even were your son
 “ inclined to urge me to do so; but
 “ he never can, he will never forget,
 “ for one instant, the respect which
 “ he owes you. Condescend, at least,
 “ sir, to permit me to share this sen-
 “ timent with him, and do not reject
 “ my most humble and sincere assu-
 “ rance of doing so.”

Whilst we waited for my father's
 answer, all our conversation turned
 upon the relations of CALISTA, her
 education, her travels, in one word,
 upon her history. I asked her ques-
 tions,

tions, which I had never done before, upon subjects which *I* had hitherto avoided, from the fear of recalling uneasy recollections to her mind, and *she* lest she should excite in me apprehension and anxiety. I was desirous of becoming fully acquainted with every thing which related to her, and, as if it had favoured our present plan, I pleased myself by seeing how much she gained by being more perfectly known. Alas! I was not the person who was to be won over. She told me that, from the excessive delicacy of her lover, no person, man or woman, in any country, could positively affirm that she had been his mistress. She said also, that she had never received a refusal from him upon any subject, nor ever the slightest mark of ill humour, discontent, or even negligence. What a woman must she have been,

whom a man, her lover, benefactor, and, one may say, master, could treat like a divinity for eight years together! I asked her one day, if she ever thought of leaving him? Yes, said she, I did once do so, but I was so much struck with the ingratitude of such a design, that I was unwilling to see any virtue in it: I considered myself as about to become the dupe of a phantom which is called virtue, but which is in fact vice, and I rejected the idea with horror.

During the three days which my father's letter was in arriving, she permitted me to desert both my books and publick places. I went to her in the morning, and our mutual anxiety made us more familiar, without being less prudent. On the fourth day, CALISTA received this answer: instead of transcribing or translating it, madam,

I send

I send it you, and you may translate it, if you think proper, some time or other, for your relation: I should not, even yet, have resolution to do it myself.

“ Madam,

“ I am grieved to be under the necessity of saying disagreeable things
 “ to a person of your sex, and I will add
 “ of your merit; for without making
 “ enquiries about your conduct, which
 “ would be useless, as I cannot resolve to be guided by their result, I
 “ have heard much good of you.—
 “ Once more let me repeat, I am
 “ grieved to say disagreeable things to
 “ you; but to leave your letter unanswered would be still more disrespectful than to refute it. I am,
 “ therefore, obliged to adopt the latter
 “ line of conduct. In the first place,
 “ madam, I might observe, that I have

“ no other proof of your attachment
 “ to my son, than what you tell me
 “ yourself; and a connection which
 “ is not always a proof of strong at-
 “ tachment. But even taking it for
 “ granted, that it is as great as you
 “ say it is, and I confess I am willing
 “ to believe you, why should I con-
 “ clude that no other woman could
 “ love my son as much as you do?
 “ and allowing even that the woman,
 “ whom he might marry, should not
 “ love him with the same tenderness,
 “ nor with so entire a devotion, is it
 “ certain that this degree of attach-
 “ ment would contribute to his real
 “ happiness? and does it seem clear to
 “ you that he will ever have occasion
 “ for such great sacrifices on the part of
 “ his wife? But, granting it to be ex-
 “ tremely valuable, is this kind of attach-
 “ ment all that is to be considered?—

“ You

“ You talk of the disagreeable cir-
 “ cumstances which are to be seen in
 “ most families ; but would it be good
 “ reasoning, to determine upon suffer-
 “ ing certain inconveniences, in order
 “ to avoid such as are only probable ?
 “ To pay no regard to disadvantages
 “ which we see distinctly, in order to
 “ avoid others of which we have only
 “ a distant glimpse ? and to pursue a
 “ conduct decidedly bad, because it is
 “ possible that there may be worse ?
 “ You ask me if I should find it so
 “ difficult to entertain a good opinion
 “ of her who tenderly loves my son ;
 “ you might have added, and who is
 “ beloved by him. No, certainly ;
 “ and I have so good an opinion of
 “ you, that I doubt not but you would
 “ shew an excellent example to your
 “ children, and that, far from contra-
 “ dicting the lessons which they might
 “ receive,

“ receive, you would yourself give
 “ them the very same lessons, and per-
 “ haps with more zeal and care, than
 “ any other person. But, do not you
 “ think, that on a thousand occasions
 “ I should feel wretched, both from
 “ what was said, and what was not
 “ said, to your children, concerning
 “ your children, and upon a thousand
 “ other subjects? And do not you
 “ think also, that the more you in-
 “ terested me by your goodness, the
 “ correctness of your conduct, and
 “ your amiable qualities, the more I
 “ should be affected by seeing, or sup-
 “ posing that you felt uneasy sensa-
 “ tions, and that you were neither so
 “ happy nor so much respected as, for
 “ many reasons, you deserved to be?
 “ I should, indeed, madam, reproach
 “ myself for not having all imaginable
 “ respect and tenderness for you, and
 “ yet

“ yet it would be impossible for me to
 “ have them, unless, for a few mo-
 “ ments, I might forget that this beau-
 “ tiful, amiable, and good woman was
 “ my daughter-in-law. But the in-
 “ stant I heard that name given you,
 “ which used to belong to my wife
 “ and my mother, pardon my sincerity,
 “ madam, my heart would turn against
 “ you, and I should, perhaps, hate
 “ you merely for being so amiable
 “ that my son could neither marry
 “ nor love any one but you; and if I
 “ should, while in this temper, ob-
 “ serve any person speaking of my son
 “ or his children, I should conclude
 “ that they were describing him as the
 “ husband of *such a one*, and them as
 “ the children of *such a one*. To con-
 “ fess the truth, madam, this would
 “ be too much to bear; for even now,
 “ when it is merely imaginary, the
 “ very

“ very idea is intolerable to my mind.
 “ Do not, however, imagine that I
 “ have any contempt for your per-
 “ sonal character; I feel for you sen-
 “ timents of a directly contrary nature.
 “ Indeed I think myself much indebted
 “ to you (and I acknowledge it with-
 “ out a blush) for the promise which
 “ you give me at the end of your let-
 “ ter. Without well knowing why,
 “ I have an entire confidence in it.
 “ To reward your honourable conduct,
 “ and the respect which you entertain
 “ for that sentiment which unites a
 “ son to his father, I promise you,
 “ and my son also, to make no at-
 “ tempt to separate you, and never to
 “ propose any marriage to him first,
 “ though I should have the offer of a
 “ princess for a daughter-in-law; this,
 “ however, must be on condition that
 “ the marriage in question shall never
 “ again

“ again be mentioned to me. If I
 “ should suffer myself to be overcome
 “ by intreaties, I feel that my regret
 “ would be of the most bitter kind;
 “ and if I were obstinately deaf to the
 “ most earnest solicitations, as I cer-
 “ tainly should be, besides the uneasi-
 “ ness resulting from afflicting a son,
 “ whom I tenderly love, and who de-
 “ serves all my affection, I should,
 “ perhaps, lay up for myself future
 “ repentance ; for a tender father
 “ sometimes reproaches himself, con-
 “ trary to all reason, for not having
 “ yielded to the most improper re-
 “ quests of his son. Believe me, ma-
 “ dam, it is not even now, without
 “ deep regret, that I act so as neces-
 “ sarily to afflict both you and my
 “ son.”

I found CALISTA sitting upon the
 ground, and leaning her head against
 the

the marble chimney-piece. This is the twentieth position I have tried within this hour, said she to me, and I remain in this because my head feels on fire. She pointed with her finger to my father's letter, which was lying open upon the sofa. I sat down, and whilst I read, turning a little towards me, she supported her head against my knees. Absorbed in my own reflections, regretting the past, deploring the future, and at a loss how to dispose of the present, I neither saw nor felt her. At length, however, I raised her up, and made her sit by me. We mingled our tears together. Let us be as much to each other as we can, said I, in a low whisper, and as if I feared that she should hear me; sometimes I doubted whether she had heard me, and then whether she did not consent, for she made no answer, and her eyes continued

continued shut. Let us change, my CALISTA, added I, this melancholy moment into a moment of happiness. Alas! said she, opening her eyes, and looking at me with marks of grief and terror, must I then return to what I have been? No, answered I, after some moments of silence, you shall be obliged to do nothing; but I thought you had loved me. And I do not then love you, said she, in her turn putting her arm round me, and I do not then love you! Figure to yourself, if you can, madam, what passed in my heart. At length, I threw myself at her feet, I embraced her knees, and I intreated her to forgive my impetuosity. I know that you love me, said I; I respect you, I adore you, you shall be nothing to me but what you wish to be. Alas! answered she, I must, I see it well, either return to what is very
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dreadful to me, or lose you, which is still a thousand times more dreadful, No, said I, you deceive yourself, and give me pain; you shall not lose me, I will never cease to love you. You may, perhaps, continue to love me, she replied, but I shall lose you notwithstanding. And, indeed, by what right should I preserve you? I shall lose you, I am sure—and she was almost suffocated by her tears; but for fear I should call for help, for fear she should be no longer alone with me, she promised to exert herself to the utmost to be calm, and at length she succeeded. From this moment, however, CALISTA was no longer the same; restless when I was absent from her, trembling when I left her, as if we were to meet no more; transported with joy when she saw me again; always dreading to displease me, and weeping

weeping for joy if any thing she did gave me pleasure. She was, at times, much more amiable, more interesting, and more enchanting, than she had ever been; but she lost that serenity, that evenness of spirits, that nice propriety in every thing she did, which were before her constant companions, and by which she was so eminently distinguished. She tried to employ herself as she had done before, and in fact, she did the same things, but being sometimes done with an air of absence, sometimes with eagerness, and sometimes with evident disgust, always much better or much worse than formerly, they did not produce the same effect either upon herself or others. Oh heavens! how have I seen her agitated and tormented by contending passions! Moved by my least caresses, which she rather sought for

than avoided, yet always upon her guard against her own emotions, alluring me from a kind of policy, and from a dread lest I should leave her altogether, then repulsing me with gentleness, and the moment after, grieving for having repulsed me at all; terror, tenderness, passion, and reserve, succeeded each other in her actions and her looks, with so much rapidity, that they seemed to shew themselves all at once. Meanwhile I was, by turns, ardent, cool, angry, now charmed to delight, and now melted to tenderness: vexation, pity, and admiration, alternately affected my mind in the most violent manner. Let us put an end to all this, said I to her one day, (transported equally by love and anger) while I locked the door, and threw the key upon her harpsichord. You will not offer violence to me, said she mildly,
for

for you certainly are the master.—
 These words, and her tone of voice,
 softened me at once; I sunk upon my
 knees before her, and supporting her
 head upon my shoulder, I moistened
 her beautiful hands with my tears,
 asking her pardon a thousand times;
 while she thanked me as often, in a
 manner which proved how seriously
 she had been alarmed; and also, that
 she loved me passionately, and suffered
 as much as I did. I another time ob-
 served to her, that though she could
 not resolve to give herself, she yet
 wished to be given away. It is very
 true, answered she: still, this confes-
 sion neither obtained for me, nor en-
 couraged me to attempt, any thing.
 —Do not, however, suppose, madam,
 that all our hours were uncomfortable,
 and that our situation had no charms;
 it had some arising from its very sin-
 gularity,

gularity, and from our self-denials themselves. The least marks of love preserved their value; we never rendered the smallest service to each other without the most lively pleasure. To ask a favour from the other was the sure means of expiating any offence, or of burying any quarrel in oblivion; we always had recourse to this, and never in vain. To own the truth, her caresses filled me with as much dread as pleasure; but the familiarity which subsisted between us was delightful to us both. She sometimes treated me as a brother, or rather as a sister, and I felt her tenderness as most precious and dear to my feelings.

CALISTA became subject, which will not surprise you, to the most dreadful sleeplessness. I steadily opposed her taking those medicines which would have wholly deranged the state
of

of her health, and I proposed that her own maid and myself should alternately read her to sleep. As soon as we saw that she was asleep, I, as scrupulously as FANNY, retired as softly as possible; and the next day, she used to reward me by permitting me to lie at her feet, with her knees as my pillow, and to sleep in that position, when I felt myself inclined to do so. One night, I fell asleep reading by the side of her bed; and FANNY, bringing her mistress's breakfast, as was her custom at day-break, (for the nights were made as short as possible) advanced gently, and without waking me. When the day was somewhat more advanced, I at length opened my eyes, and saw them laughing at me. You see, said I to FANNY, that every thing remains exactly as you left it, the table, the lamp, the book fallen from my hand
upon

upon my knee; yes, all is as it should be, said she; and seeing me embarrassed as to the best mode of getting out of the house, Go out just as usual, and should any of the neighbours see you, do not be uneasy about it. They know that my mistress is ill, and we have so often told them that she and you live together as brother and sister, that it would now be in vain to tell them any thing to the contrary, they certainly would give no credit to it.— And do they not laugh at me? asked I. Oh no, sir, they are surprised, and that is all; you are both of you beloved and respected. They are surprised, you say, FANNY, answered I; indeed they have reason to be so! And were we to surprise them less, would they cease to love us? Ah, sir, things would then be very different. I cannot think so, FANNY, said I; but at all

all events, if they were ignorant——
 Things of this kind, sir, said she with much simplicity, in order to be kept secret, ought to have no existence. But——There must be no *buts*, sir, you could not conceal matters so completely from JAMES and me, but we should guess something. JAMES would say nothing, but he would no longer serve my mistress as he now serves her, exactly as if she were the first duchess in the land, which, at least, proves how much he respects her; I, for my part, should say nothing either, but I could not stay any longer with my lady, for I should always be thinking that it would one day be known, and I should be reproached as long as I lived. Then the other servants, who have always heard me praise my lady, would suspect something; and the neighbours, who all know how good
 and

and amiable she is, would suspect also; and then she must get another maid, who, not loving her mistress as I do, would soon tell out. This once done, there are people enow to spread the report, who only seek to be employed, and care little whether they praise or blame, provided they be allowed to talk. I cannot help thinking that I hear them. "You see," they would say, "how it is, and can you trust any longer to appearances? This was, indeed, a glorious reformation! She gave alms to the poor, and went to church." What is now admired, would then probably be treated as hypocrisy: but after all, you, sir, would be still less spared than my mistress; for, seeing how much she loves you, it is thought that you ought to marry her; and it would be always said, why did he not marry her? Ah! FANNY, FANNY,

FANNY, said CALISTA sorrowfully, what you say is but too true. What have I done? said she in French. Why have I left her to prove to you that it is not in my power to change my conduct, even if I wished it? I would have answered, but she conjured me to go home.

A tradesman in the neighbourhood, more early than his neighbours, had already opened his shop. I passed by him purposely, that I might not appear to have any design of secrecy. How does madam do? said he to me. She still sleeps very ill, answered I; every evening FANNY and I read to her an hour or two before she can compose herself to rest, and she rises with the sun. Last night I read to her so long, that I fell asleep myself. And have you breakfasted, sir, said he? No, replied I, my plan was to lie

lie down, and try to sleep an hour or two. That would be almost a pity, sir, the morning is so fine, and you have so little the appearance of being tired or sleepy. Rather come and breakfast with me, in my garden. I accepted his invitation, flattering myself that this man would be the last in the whole neighbourhood to speak ill of CALISTA; and, indeed, he did speak of her, and of all the good she had done and concealed from me, with so much pleasure and admiration, that I was amply repaid for my civility.— This very day CALISTA received a letter from the uncle of her late lover, begging her to hasten to London. I resolved to pass the time of her absence with my father, and we set out at the same time. Shall I see you again, said she? Is it certain that we shall meet once more? Yes, said I, and

and as soon as you please, unless, indeed, I should die. We agreed to write to each other, at the least twice a week; and no promise was ever more punctually kept. Neither of us thinking of, or seeing any thing which we did not wish to communicate or to shew to the other, we had some difficulty to abstain from writing more frequently.

My father would not, probably, have received me very kindly, had he not been much satisfied with my application, and the improvement I had made in my studies. He heard of this from others as well as myself; and, fortunately for me, there were now some gentlemen staying with him, who, in his opinion, were well qualified to judge of the progress I had made, and who expressed their approbation of me. They agreed that I had acquired

considerable information, and a great facility in expressing myself; and they foretold my success in the world, in such a way as to flatter my kind father, and increase his partiality towards me. I now took up my residence in my father's family, which I had visited only once, and that at a time when I could attend to nothing, since my departure for America. I became intimate with his friends and neighbours, I rode and hunted with them, and was happy enough to please them. "I saw you upon your return from America," said one of the oldest friends of our family, "and if your father owe to any woman the pleasure of seeing you such as you now are, he ought to permit you to marry her, if it were but from mere gratitude." The ladies also, with whom we associated, treated me in a very flattering manner.

SHOWS

How

How much more easy would it have been to succeed with many of those my father respected the most, than with the poor young woman he despised! I will confess that my mind had so much need of amusement and repose, that, at particular times, every means of procuring them seemed desirable to me; and CALISTA appeared to have so little tendency to jealousy, that the idea of hurting her would, probably, never have entered into my head. I did not reflect that every thing which engaged the attention, was in fact a degree of infidelity; and, seeing no one to be compared to her, I never thought of the possibility of becoming really unfaithful; but I must add also, that all other means of amusing myself seemed preferable to those offered by women. I was sometimes impatient to make a more noble and

rational use of my faculties than I had hitherto done. I had not then learned that the project of benefiting the publick, is nothing more than a high-sounding chimera; that fortune, circumstances, and events, which no one can foresee or controul, change the state of nations, without either improving or making them worse; and that the exertions of the most virtuous citizen have but little influence upon the well-being of his country. I did not yet perceive, that the slave of ambition is still more childish and more wretched, than the slave of a woman. My father requested me to offer myself candidate for a seat in Parliament, at the next election; and I, charmed with having it in my power to please him once at least, consented to it with the greatest pleasure. CALISTA wrote to me upon this occasion as follows:

“ If

“ If I be of any consequence in your
 “ plans, which I still flatter myself I
 “ am, that need not hinder you from
 “ entering into any arrangement which
 “ may oblige you to reside in London.
 “ An uncle of my father, who ex-
 “ pressed a wish to see me, has just
 “ told me, that I have given him more
 “ pleasure in eight days, than all his
 “ relations and their children ever did
 “ in twenty years; and that he will
 “ leave me his house and fortune: he
 “ added, that he was sure I would re-
 “ pair and improve the one, and make
 “ a good use of the other; whereas,
 “ the rest of his kindred would have
 “ either wasted and dissipated the
 “ whole, or have been meanly penu-
 “ rious. I state all this to you, lest
 “ you should blame me for not dis-
 “ suading him from his partial inten-
 “ tions towards me; besides, I am as

“ well entitled to this property as any
 “ person; and those who are in an
 “ equal degree of relationship, have
 “ enough already. My relation is very
 “ rich, and very old; and his house is
 “ in a good situation, near Whitehall.
 “ I confess that I have derived much
 “ pleasure from the hope of seeing
 “ you in it, or of lending it to you.
 “ If you should have any expensive
 “ whim, if you should take it into
 “ your head to buy a handsome horse,
 “ or a picture, I beg you may indulge
 “ yourself, as the will is made, and
 “ the old gentleman is so obstinate
 “ that he certainly never will change
 “ it. You see, therefore, that I may
 “ venture to consider myself as a rich
 “ woman; and I wish much to have
 “ you as my debtor.”

In another letter she wrote as follows :

“ Whilst

“ Whilst I am restless and dissatis-
 “ fied in your absence, and whilst
 “ every thing which I do seems useless
 “ and insipid, unless I can, by any
 “ means, give it some relation to you ;
 “ I perceive that you loiter at a dis-
 “ tance from me in ease and tranquil-
 “ lity. On one side, impatience and
 “ *ennui*; on the other, satisfaction and
 “ repose; what a difference! I do
 “ not, however, complain. Indeed,
 “ were I ever so much hurt, I should
 “ not dare to complain. Were I to
 “ suspect that another woman had en-
 “ gaged your attentions, I should be
 “ much more afflicted; but, even then,
 “ I neither durst nor ought to mention
 “ my being so.”

Upon another occasion, she wrote
 thus :—“ I think I have seen your
 “ father. Struck by the resemblance
 “ of his features to yours, I remained
 “ motionless,

“ motionless, looking at him with eagerness. It was certainly him, and “ he also observed me.”

In fact, my father, as he told me himself, did see her by accident, during a little excursion which he had made to London. I do not know where he met with her, but he enquired who that handsome woman was? What, said the gentleman who accompanied him, do not you know the CALISTA of Lord L——, and of your son! Had the first name not been mentioned, my father added, and paused—Wretch, why didst thou mention it?

I began to find some difficulty as to an excuse for returning to Bath. My health could not any longer be either a reason or a pretence; and although I had nothing to do any where else, yet it seemed absurd to change my residence without any cause whatever.—

CALISTA

CALISTA perceived this herself, and in a letter by which she informed me of her departure from London, she expressed her uneasiness upon this subject. In the same letter, she talked to me of some new acquaintances which she had made at the house of Lord L——'s uncle, and who all talked of going to Bath. It would, added she, be a miserable thing for me to see all the world there, except the only person in the world whom I wish to see. Happily, (at least I then considered it as fortunate) my father, anxious perhaps at bottom to know the person whom he had rejected, and to get accurate and detailed information about her; perhaps, also, willing to live with me, without depriving me of what he knew to be my greatest consolation; and, probably, wishing to make my residence at Bath less strange; or, perhaps,

all

all these reasons uniting: my father announced to me his intention of passing a few months at Bath. I had some difficulty in concealing my extreme joy. Oh heavens! said I to myself, if I could reconcile my father, my duty, CALISTA, his happiness, and my own! But my father's plan was scarcely known, before a lady, who had been married to a near relation of ours, and had been a widow for about eighteen months, wrote to him to say that she meant to go to Bath with her son, a boy of nine or ten years old; and to beg him to take such a house, that the whole party might reside together.—My father's views, I perceived plainly, were much deranged by this proposal, but I could not make out whether it was pleasant or disagreeable to him. However that might be, he could not but accept it, and I was sent before to
Bath,

Bath, to prepare lodgings for my father, for my cousin with whom I was not acquainted, for her son, and for myself. CALISTA had been for some time returned there. Delighted by being able to be united with me in any employment, she directed and shared my labours, with a zeal worthy of a more important object; and when my father and Lady BETTY B—— arrived, they admired, in all they saw about them, an elegance and a taste which they confessed they had never before seen; and gave me thanks, which were by no means my due.— CALISTA had upon this occasion made exertions against herself; for certainly, Lady BETTY, from the first moment, supposed me to have views, which her fortune, her figure, and her age, rendered very natural. She had been married very young, and was not
more

more than seventeen at the birth of her son, Sir HARRY B——; I, therefore, by no means blame her for the ideas which she entertained, nor for the conduct which she pursued in consequence of them. What surprises me, is the impression which the kindness of her manners made upon me. I was not flattered by it, but I certainly felt myself less sensible to the attachment of CALISTA. It seemed to make her less valuable. I began to think, that all women loved, and that chance, more than any thing else, determined the object of that love to which they were disposed beforehand. CALISTA was not long in perceiving that I was changed—Changed! No, I was not *changed*:—that word is too strong, and the feelings which I have just explained, were not distinctly either in my thoughts or my heart. Why, feeble
and

and inconsistent beings that we are, do we attempt to explain the principles of our own actions? I did not then perceive that any change had taken place in me; and now, in order to account for my absence of mind, my security, my childish and feeble conduct, I assign as a cause, a change of which I was not conscious.

Lady BETTY's son, that boy of about ten years old, whom I mentioned before, was a charming child, and bore a strong resemblance to my brother. Indeed, he sometimes brought him, and the sports of my childhood, so strongly to my recollection, that my eyes filled with tears as I looked at him,—He became my *élève* and my companion; I never walked out without him, and I carried him with me almost every day to CALISTA's.

One day, when I had gone alone, I found with her a country gentleman of a handsome appearance, who was sitting by her as she drew. I concealed my surprise and my displeasure, and tried to sit him out, but that was impossible, as he invited himself to supper. At eleven o'clock, I pretended that nothing was so bad for her health as sitting late, and I forced my rival, yes, it was my rival! to retire as well as myself. For the first time, the hours had appeared long in CALISTA's company. This gentleman's name was not unknown to me. It was a name the bearers of which had never arrived at any great eminence; yet his family was an old one, and of considerable importance in one of the counties in the north of England. Being acquainted with the uncle of Lord L***, and having seen CALISTA with him at the Opera,

Opera, he expressed a wish to be introduced to her, and then desired to be permitted to visit her. He had been at her house two or three times, and believed that he now in reality saw those muses and graces, with which he had before only been acquainted in the classicks. After the third visit, he called upon the General, to make exact enquiries about CALISTA, as to her family and fortune. He answered him with all possible frankness. You are a man of honour, sir, said the lover of CALISTA, do you advise me to marry her? Without doubt, was the answer, if you can get her. This is the advice I would give to my own son, or to the son of my best friend. There is a foolish fellow who has loved her for a long time, and dare not marry her, because his father (who is himself afraid of seeing her, lest she should conquer

his scruples) refuses his consent.— They will repent of their conduct as long as they live; but do you make haste, for they may, perhaps, change it.

Such was the man I found with CALISTA. The next day, I called upon her at an early hour, and told her of the displeasure and impatience which I had felt the evening before. What! said she, were you really hurt? There was a time, indeed, when I could see that you could not bear to find any one with me, not even a common tradesman, or a woman; but, for some time past, you have never failed yourself to bring with you the little Baronet, and I concluded, that it was on purpose that we might not be alone together. But, said I, he is a mere infant. He sees, however, and understands as well as another, answered she. And if, said I, I agree to bring him

DQ

no more, will you deny yourself to the gentleman who teized me so much yesterday? You may do as you please, about bringing the boy, said she, but, for my part, I cannot behave uncivilly to Mr. —; there is no one who has such great claims upon me as my benefactor who introduced him to me, and begged me to receive him with politeness. He is in love with you, added I, as I restlessly walked about in her room, he has no father, he will—— I could not finish the sentence. CALISTA gave me no answer; the man who was my torment was announced, and I went away. I returned, however, soon after, resolved rather to accustom myself to him, than to allow him to banish me from my home, for it was indeed my home. However, by degrees, I went there less frequently than formerly, and remained a shorter

time. Sometimes I found her alone, and that was a piece of good fortune, at which my whole soul rejoiced.

I carried the little boy with me no longer, and in about a week, he began complain of this most bitterly. One day, in the presence of Lady BETTY, he addressed his complaints to my father, and earnestly requested him to take him to Mrs. CALISTA's, since I had ceased to do so. The name, and his manner of saying this, made my father smile with a mixture of kindness and embarrassment. I do not go there myself, said he to Sir HARRY. Is that because your son will not take you, replied the boy? Ah! if you had been once there, you would return every day as he does. Seeing my father softened and affected, I was upon the point of throwing myself at his feet, but the presence of Lady BETTY, my

my evil genius, or rather my cursed weakness of mind, restrained me. Oh CALISTA, how much more courageous would you have been! you would have profited by so precious an opportunity; you would have tried and succeeded, and we should have passed together such a life of happiness as it was impossible for either of us to do separately. Whilst irresolute and undetermined, I suffered this invaluable moment to escape, a message came from CALISTA, to whom I had mentioned Sir HARRY's complaints, requesting my Lady's leave that her son might dine with her. The little boy, without waiting for an answer, ran and threw himself upon JAMES's neck, begging him to take him immediately. In the evening, the next and the following days, he talked so much of my mistress, as to put Lady BETTY out of
 patience,

patience, and to begin to interest my father. Who knows what this kind of intercession might have produced? But my father was obliged to go and pass some days at his own house, by business of importance; and this tendency to relent, being once interrupted, could never be recalled.

Sir HARRY established himself so well with CALISTA, that I no longer found her alone with her new lover. He indeed, I believe, was as much teased by the child, as I could be by him. CALISTA, upon this occasion, displayed a degree of skill, a fertility of genius, talents, and goodness of heart, which even I could not have imagined her to possess. The Northumberland gentleman, not being allowed to converse with her alone, was anxious, at least, that she should charm him, as she had done in London, by
her

her voice and her harpsichord; and asked her for French and Italian airs, and pieces from the Opera. But CALISTA, knowing that these were old to me, and would be tiresome to the boy, and, besides, guessing that I should have no great inclination to assist the effect, by accompanying her upon the violin, as I used to do, she began to invent little stories which she herself set to musick, assisted me in composing the words, made the child sing, and my rival judge of their merits. She sung, played, and parodied, that charming song, "Have you seen my Han-nah?" in such a way as to fill my eyes twenty times with tears. She also expressed a desire that we should teach Sir HARRY to draw; and that she might be able to avoid this perpetual musick, she procured some of those pictures, by Rubens and Snyders, in
 which

which children are amusing themselves with flowers, and copying them, (with the assistance of a poor but very skilful painter, whom accident had thrown in her way, and whose talents she had brought into notice,) she surrounded her drawing-room with these copies, leaving a space between them for brackets, upon which she placed lamps of an antique form, and porcelain vases. This employment engaged us all; and if the child were the only one satisfied, the whole party were at least amused. Surprised, myself, at the effect which her apartment had, when fitted up in this manner, and reflecting that she had never before shewn so much activity and invention; I had the cruelty to ask her if she took all this trouble to make her house more pleasant to Mr. M**. Ungrateful man! said she. Yes, cried I, I am ungrateful; but, yet,

yet, who could see, without chagrin, talents, which he no longer enjoyed exclusively, displayed every day in a more brilliant manner? This may be on their part nothing but the song of the swan, answered she. At this moment, we heard a knock at the door. Prepare to see, said the little HARRY, our eternal gentleman of Northumberland. And it proved, in fact, to be him.

We continued to lead this kind of life a few days more; but it was not my rival's design to share CALISTA with a child and me much longer. He told her one morning, that what after he had heard of her, from General D——, and the publick, but principally from what he had seen of her himself, he was resolved to follow the inclinations of his heart, and offer her his hand and fortune. I will immediately

diately go, added he, and take an exact account of my property, that I may be able to explain it to you fully. It is my wish, that your friend, your protector, the man to whom I owe the happiness of knowing you, may examine and determine with you, if my offers be worthy your acceptance: but when every thing shall have been examined, you are too generous to suffer me to wait long for a decisive answer; and if I could see you together, I know it would not require many minutes to decide my fate. I wish I had been myself more worthy of your offers, answered CALISTA, as much agitated as if his declaration had been unexpected;—Go, sir, I feel very sensible of the honour you do me by your offers, I will consider seriously with myself, whether I ought to accept them, and be assured, that my determination shall

shall be made soon after your return. Sir HARRY and I found her, an hour afterwards, so pale, so changed, that she alarmed us. Is it possible that even after this, I should have been undecided how to act? It certainly was in my power to end the suspense by a single word. Yet I passed three days, almost from morning to night, with CALISTA, without saying one word to her upon the subject. The evening before the day upon which her lover was expected to return, I went to dine with her, and went alone. I knew that her own maid was gone to see her relations, some miles from Bath, and would not return till the next morning. CALISTA took out a casket filled with jewels, engraved stones, and miniatures, which she had either brought out of Italy, or had been presented with by my Lord. She made me look at them,

and observed which pleased me the most. She then put a ring upon my finger, which my Lord had always worn, and begged me to keep it. She was particularly silent; indeed her whole manner surprised me, and seemed very different from what it usually was. She was tender, but appeared at the same time sorrowful and resigned. You have promised nothing to this man, said I to her? Nothing, answered she; and these are the only words which I can recollect of an evening, which has been recalled to my memory a thousand and a thousand times. But I shall never, while I live, forget the manner of our parting. I looked at my watch—What, said I, already nine o'clock? and got up to go away. Cannot you stay with me, said she? It is not in my power, replied I; my father and Lady BETTY wait for me.

You

You will often sup with them after this, said she. But you have given up suppers, said I. I will, however, sup with you to-night—I have had some ices promised me, and you shall partake of them; (it was extremely hot.) She was slightly clothed, and stood before the door to which I advanced; I took her in my arms, and moved her a little on one side. And do you persevere in your resolution to go, said she? You are very cruel to agitate me thus, said I. I, am I cruel? I opened the door, and went out; she looked after me, and I heard her say as she shut the door, “*it is all over.*” These words haunted me. After having, in imagination, heard them a thousand times, I returned in half an hour to ask her to explain them. I found the door of her apartment locked. She spoke to me from a closet

which was through it, to tell me that she was preparing for the bath, and, consequently, could not open the door of her apartment herself, and had no one with her to do it. But, said I, if any thing should happen to you!—Nothing will happen to me, answered she. Is it quite certain, added I, that you have no bad designs? Very certain, replied she—is there any other world in which I should regain you? But I am hoarse, and can say no more. I went home somewhat more tranquil, but still, “*it is all over,*” would not leave my imagination, nor will it ever leave it, though I have seen CALISTA since.

The next morning I went to her house; FANNY told me that I could not see her, and, following me into the street, What can have happened to my mistress, said she? What is the uneasiness.

uneasiness you have caused her?—None, that I know of, said I. I found her, said she, upon my return home, in a strange state of mind. She has not been in bed the whole night——But I dare not stay any longer. If it be your fault, you will know no more comfort as long as you live. She went in, and I retired in a very restless state of mind; about an hour afterwards, I returned—CALISTA was gone. She had left directions to give me the casket I had seen the night before, and the following letter :

“ I tried to keep you with me last
 “ night, but in vain. This morning
 “ I sent you away, and you obeyed
 “ me at the first word. I depart, in
 “ order to save you from those cruel
 “ feelings, which would embitter the
 “ rest of your days, if they once took
 “ possession of you. But I will spare
 “ myself

“ myself the misery of contemplating
 “ in detail, that wretchedness and those
 “ deprivations which I feel the more
 “ acutely, because there is no one
 “ whom I can fairly reproach with be-
 “ ing the cause of them. Preserve,
 “ for the love of me, those trifles
 “ which you admired last night; you
 “ may do so with the less scruple,
 “ when I tell you, that I am resolved
 “ to reserve to myself the most entire
 “ property in whatever I owe either
 “ to my Lord or his uncle.”

How, madam, shall I describe to
 you the state of stupid depression into
 which I felt myself plunged; how all
 the childish and ridiculous, but indis-
 tinct, ideas, which occupied my mind;
 as if I had lost all power of compre-
 hension and clear reasoning? Was
 this lethargy a return of that derange-
 ment of my understanding, which I la-
 boured

boured under after the death of my brother? I wish you to believe it to be so, or otherwise how can you have patience to finish my story? Indeed, I often wish to think so myself, or that all memory of that day should be blotted from my mind for ever. She had not been gone above half an hour; why did I not follow her? What was there to detain me? If there be any superior intelligences which are the witnesses of our thoughts, let them tell what it was that detained me? I sat down upon the spot where CALISTA had written, I took the pen in my hand, I kissed it, and wept over it; I thought that I wished to write; but, being teased by the noise which they made in putting the furniture in order, I soon left the house, wandered for some time in the fields, and then returned home, and shut myself up in
my

my own room. About an hour after midnight, I laid down upon the bed with all my clothes on: I slept, it is true; but my brother, CALISTA, and a thousand dreadful phantoms, disturbed my repose. I started awake, all covered with a cold sweat; when I was a little come to myself, I thought I would go to CALISTA, and talk to her of my sufferings the night before, and of the horror which my dreams had occasioned me. To CALISTA! she is gone, and it is that very departure which has reduced me to the deplorable situation in which I find myself. CALISTA is no longer within my reach, she is no longer any thing to me, she now belongs to another. No, she does not yet belong to another— instantly I called for my servants. I ran first to one place, and then to another, and I eagerly enquired for horses.

Whilst

Whilst they were putting them to my carriage, I went to call up Mr. M——'s servants, and to enquire if they had heard any thing of their master. They told me that he arrived at eight o'clock the evening before, and about ten had set out for London. At this moment, I felt my head confused, I wished for death, I no longer knew either persons or objects. I felt convinced that CALISTA was dead: a copious bleeding with difficulty brought me to myself, and I found myself in the arms of my father, who joined to the tenderest care of my health, that also of concealing, as much as possible, the state in which I had been. Unfortunate precaution! if it had been known, it would perhaps have deterred every one from thinking of uniting their fate with mine.

Next day a letter was brought to me. My father, who never left me,
desired

desired me to allow him to open it ; that I may see, said he, though it be too late, what kind of a woman this really was. Read it, said I, I am confident you will find nothing in it which does not do her honour.

“ It is now quite certain, that you
 “ have not pursued me. Three hours
 “ ago I still had hopes. At pre-
 “ sent I even derive some consola-
 “ tion, from the conviction that it is
 “ impossible for you to arrive ; for
 “ your presence could now only pro-
 “ duce the most dreadful effects ; but
 “ I might even yet receive a letter.—
 “ And there are moments when I flat-
 “ ter myself that I shall do so. You
 “ had been so long accustomed to my
 “ society, that it is impossible you
 “ should either hate me, or that I
 “ should be indifferent to you. I have
 “ yet one hour’s liberty. Though
 “ every

“ every thing be ready, I could still
 “ refuse my consent ; but if I hear no-
 “ thing from you, I will not refuse it.
 “ You no longer wished to retain me,
 “ your situation with me was too uni-
 “ form, and you had for a long time
 “ been weary of it. I have made a last
 “ trial. I had even almost persuaded
 “ myself, that you would either have
 “ stopped or followed me. I will not
 “ give myself any credit for the other
 “ motives, which may have contributed
 “ to form my resolution ; they are too
 “ indistinct to have much weight given
 “ to them ; it is, however, my fixed
 “ determination to seek my own tran-
 “ quillity, and the happiness of another
 “ in my new state ; and to conduct my-
 “ self in such a manner, as to give you
 “ no cause to blush for me. Adieu !
 “ the hour passes away, and in a few
 “ moments I shall be informed that it
 “ is

“ is gone ; adieu ! you for whom I
 “ have no name ; adieu ! for the last
 “ time.”

The letter was blotted with tears, and those of my father fell upon the marks of CALISTA's, mine——I know the letter by heart, but I can no longer read it.

Two days after, Lady BETTY, taking up the newspaper, read under the head of marriages, *CHARLES M***, esquire, of Northumberland, to MARIA SOPHIA ***.* Yes, she read these words, and I was condemned to hear them——Heavens ! to MARIA SOPHIA !——I cannot, however, accuse Lady BETTY of want of sensibility upon this occasion. I have reason to believe that she considered CALISTA as a young woman, as respectable as a person in her situation can be ; with whom I had lived, and who loved me, though I had
 ceased

ceased to love her; and who, seeing that I had gradually detached myself from her, and that there was no chance of my marrying her, resolved to marry, partly from chagrin, and partly in order to make an honourable conclusion to her adventures. Lady BETTY, indeed, beyond a doubt, attributed my sorrow to nothing but pity; for so far from taking it amiss, she had a better opinion of my heart in consequence of it. After all, her mode of judging was very natural, and only differed from the truth by shades which it was impossible for her to guess at.

Eight days passed away, during which I felt as if I no longer existed. Restless, absent, always hurrying about, as if I were seeking for something, without ever finding, or, indeed, ever really seeking, for any thing: having no object but that of flying from myself,

and from all that obtruded itself upon my senses! Ah! madam, what a condition! and was it necessary that I should fall into one still more bitter?—One morning at breakfast, Sir HARRY, coming up to me, said,—You look so sorrowful, that I am always afraid lest you should go away also. An idea has come into my head;—people sometimes talk of my mamma's marrying again, and I should much rather that you should become my father than any one else, because you would then stay with me, or, at the least, take me with you if you went away.

Lady BETTY smiled, and looked as if her son had only given me an opportunity of making a proposal, which I had thought of for a long time. I made no answer. She seemed to consider this as merely the embarrassment of too great timidity. But my silence
became

became too long. My father at length spoke :—That is a good idea of yours, my little friend HARRY, and I flatter myself that, sometime or other, all the world will think as I do. Sometime or other ! said Lady BETTY ;—you consider me as a greater prude than I am. I do not require so long a time as you imagine, to bring myself to adopt an idea which already seems pleasing to you, to your son, and to mine. My father took me by the hand, and led me out. Do not punish me, said he, for having been unwilling to give up reasons which seemed insuperable, to others which appeared weak. I could not be blind, but I did not mean to be severe. There is nothing in this world so dear to me as you. Deserve my tenderness in this hour of trial ; I would not have asked this sacrifice from you, but since accident has determined it, make it

meritorious in yourself, and useful to your father; shew yourself a tender and generous son, by accepting a marriage which would appear advantageous to any one but yourself, and give me grand-children, who may interest and amuse my old age, and make up to me the loss of your mother, your brother, and I may add, of yourself, for you have never been, and you perhaps never will be, able to discharge the duties you owe to yourself, to me, and to reason.

I returned to the room. Pardon my want of eloquence, said I to my lady, and be assured that I feel more strongly than I can express myself. If you will agree to keep this affair a profound secret, and allow me to make a tour to Paris and Holland, I will set out to-morrow, and return in four months to solicit you to realise those intentions, which are so honourable and advantageous to me.

In

In four months! said my lady, and must I promise a profound secrecy? Why this secrecy I beg to know! Is it to spare the feelings of this woman? My motives are of no importance, said I; but I enter into the engagement upon no other condition. Do not be uneasy, said Sir HARRY, my mamma does not know Mistress CALISTA. I will marry thee also, my dear HARRY, if I marry thy mother, said I, embracing him. I will marry thee, and swear to thee tenderness and fidelity. Lady BETTY is too reasonable, said my father gravely, not to consent to the secrecy which you wish to have preserved; but why may you not be privately married before you set out? I shall be happy in knowing that you are married, and you may begin your journey as soon afterwards as you please. This conduct will lull all suspicion to sleep, and even if there

should be any talk about it, your going away will check the report. I can easily conceive your desire of travelling as a young man, that is to say, without a wife. I had some intention that you should travel with your brother when you left the university, but the war put an end to that scheme. Lady BETTY was so much pacified by my father's speech, that she consented that every thing should be as he wished it, and she amused herself with the idea of our being married before a great ball which was to be given in a few days. She said, that the mistake in which we should see the whole world would serve us to laugh at. With what rapidity did I feel myself hurried on! I had known lady BETTY near five months—our marriage had been proposed, talked of, and concluded in one hour. Sir HARRY was so much delighted, that I could scarcely persuade

persuade myself that he would be discreet. He told me that four months were too long for him to keep secrecy, but that he would be silent till I set out, if I would promise to take him with me.

I was married, and it remained a secret, though contrary winds and stormy weather retarded my departure for some days, which it was more natural for me to pass at Bath than at Harwich. The wind changing, I set out, leaving lady BETTY with child. In four months I passed through the principal towns of Holland, Flanders, and Brabant; and in France, besides Paris, I saw Normandy and Brittany. I did not travel quick on account of my little companion; I stayed but a short time at any one place, and I found no place which I was sorry to leave. I was so ill-disposed for society, that all the women I saw only convinced me that I should never meet
with

with any one to compensate for the person I had lost; and I no where applied my attention to any thing but publick buildings, sights, pictures, and artists. When I saw or heard any thing amusing, I looked around me for her with whom I had for so long been accustomed to hear and see every thing; without whom, seeing and hearing were to me matters of indifference, as she assisted my judgment, and doubled my enjoyments. A thousand times I took up my pen to write to her, but I did not dare to write; and indeed how could I have conveyed to her such a letter as would have given me pleasure to write, and her to read!

Without little HARRY I should have found myself alone in the most populous cities; with him I was not wholly solitary even in the most retired places. He loved me, he was never troublesome

some to me, and I had a thousand contrivances to make him speak of CALISTA, without myself mentioning her name. We at length returned to England, first to Bath, then to my father's house in the country, and at last to London, where my marriage was made publick, when lady BETTY thought it proper for her to be presented at court. My brother and I had been much talked of as a prodigy of friendship; I had also been mentioned as a young man made interesting by the love of an amiable woman; and my father's friends had given it out that I should distinguish myself by my knowledge and my talents. Various artists had boasted of my taste and fondness for the accomplishments which they taught. In London, in the world, I appeared to be nothing more than a gloomy silent man. People were astonished at the passion which CA-

LISTA

LISTA had entertained for me, and at the choice of lady BETTY: and allowing that the former opinions of me were not wholly false, I still agree that the latter were at least perfectly natural, and I did not feel at all hurt by them. Lady BETTY soon discovered the judgment of the publick, and by insensible degrees adopted it herself; and finding herself less beloved than she thought she had a right to be, after having complained with some warmth, she sought consolation in a species of disdain, which she encouraged and gave herself credit for feeling. Her sentiments upon this subject seemed to be too well founded for me either to oppose or to be much offended with them. Besides, I should have been at a loss how to act, and I confess that I was not interested enough in her to become very ingenious or clearsighted in my observations,

observations, much less to lose my temper upon the occasion. I consequently allowed her to follow her own inclinations, and they led her to seek to please and to shine in the gay world; which her handsome figure, her genteel manners, and that spirit of repartee which always succeeds with pretty women, enabled her to do without difficulty. From general coquetry she soon degenerated to particular, for I can call that nothing else which led her to receive the attentions of the man, who, of all others in the kingdom, could give a woman the most eclat; but who, in my opinion, seemed the least calculated to inspire a tender passion. I appeared neither to observe nor oppose any of her schemes; and after the birth of her daughter, she gave herself up, without reserve, to those amusements which either fashion or her own taste made agreeable

agreeable to her. As to my little baronet, he remained satisfied with me, and as I devoted great part of my time to him, his attachment to me continued unaltered; and the almost only real uneasiness which his mother caused me, was her obstinately resolving to send him to Westminster school, when we went into the country after her lying-in.

It was about this time that my father, having one day walked with me to some distance from the house, opened his heart to me as to the kind of life which my lady led; and asked me if I did not think it would be right for me to try to put a stop to it, before it became openly scandalous. I answered, that I could not think of adding to my other uneasy sensations, that of tormenting a person who had, in marrying me, seemed to confer more advantages than she received, and who had

at

at the bottom some reason to complain of me. There is no person whose heart, whose self-love and activity, do not require some aliment. The wives of the lower orders have their domestic cares, and their children, which necessarily occupy them very much: women of the world, when they have not a husband to whom they are every thing, and who is every thing to them, have recourse to play, to gallantry, or methodism. My lady is not fond of play; besides, she is too young to be a gamester; she is handsome and lively, and what has happened is too natural to give me any right to complain of it, and does not interest me enough to make me desire to do so. I neither wish to give myself the airs, nor to appear in the ridiculous light of a jealous husband; but if she were a woman of sensibility, serious, and, in one word,

capable of listening to and feeling what I said,—if there were any real resemblance between our characters, I should, perhaps, assume the part of a friend, and advise her to avoid all open impropriety of conduct, for the sake of sparing her own mortification, and saving herself from the contempt of the publick: however, as she would not listen to me, it is better that I should keep up my dignity, and let her continue ignorant that my indulgence is premeditated. She may, perhaps, get into fewer errors by flattering herself that she deceives me. I am aware of all that can be said to me upon the impropriety of tolerating vice, but it would not be in my power to hinder it, at least not without keeping my wife constantly in my sight. And what casuist is there so severe, as to prescribe this task to me? Were it even prescribed, I should refuse to submit

mit to it, I would not bow to any authority; and I would invite the man who could say that he tolerated no abuse, either in publick affairs, if he had any influence in them, in his house, or his children if he had any; or finally, in his own private conduct; I would invite that man, I say, to throw the first stone.

My father seeing me so determined, made no answer. He entered into my views, and always lived upon good terms with lady BETTY; and in the short time that we were together, he daily gave me proofs of his extreme tenderness. I recollect, that about this time, a bishop who was related to lady BETTY, dining one day at my father's with a large party, made a number of those common-place observations, half in jest and half moral, upon the subject of marriage, the husband's authority, &c.

which might be called ecclesiastical pleasantries, and are well enough suited to all occasions, but might, upon this, have a particular end in view. After permitting him to exhaust anew this old subject, I observed that it was to law and religion, or their ministers, that we were to look for keeping our wives within bounds; for if this charge were to be intrusted to husbands, there ought at least to be a dispensation in favour of those who had much employment, and could not spare time for this charge, and also for the mild and indolent, whom it would render very unhappy. Indeed, had *we* not this advantage, added I, with a sort of emphasis, marriage would only be fit for a busy-body or a fool; for those who have as many eyes as Argus, or those who have none at all. Lady BETTY blushed. I could see by her surprise, that for a long time she
had

had thought me incapable of so much exertion of mind. Perhaps, at this moment, I wanted nothing but the attentions of some handsome women to be restored to her favour. A mistake, with which it is not worth while troubling you, gave me cause to believe this. There can be no doubt but that in reality, though it may not always appear, women have a great confidence in the taste and judgment of each other. Man is a kind of merchandize, which, in passing through their hands, for some time rises in price, till at last he falls at once into total neglect, and generally not without sufficient reason.

Towards the end of September I returned to London, in order to visit Sir HARRY. I hoped also, that being the only one of our family in town, at a time when it is nearly a desert, I might go wherever I pleased without obser-

vation, and perhaps meet, in some coffee-house or tavern, with some one who could tell me news of CALISTA. It was now a year and some days since we had separated, and I was resolved, if these means failed, to call upon General D***, or her old uncle, who had promised to leave her his property. I could no longer live without knowing what was become of her, and the void which she had left in my heart affected me more and more severely every day. It is a mistake to suppose that a real loss is felt the most acutely at first. One does not for some time feel all the misfortune. One is not certain that it admits of no remedy, and the beginning of the most cruel separation seems no more than an absence. But when the days, as they roll on, do not bring back the person whom we lament, it appears that our misfortune is confirmed without

out hope of redress, and every moment seems to say, It is thus for ever!

The day after my arrival in London, having passed it with my little friend, I went in the evening alone to the theatre, thinking I could indulge in my reveries better there than any where else. The house was thin, even for that season of the year, probably because it was extremely hot, and there were appearances of an approaching thunder-storm. I went into a box, and was so absent, that for a long time I believed myself to be alone. At length, however, I perceived a lady, whose face was covered by a large hat, who had not turned round when I entered, and who seemed absorbed in the most profound meditation; something, I know not what, in her figure put me in mind of CALISTA. But CALISTA, who had been carried by her husband into Northumberland,

must

must be so far away that I gave no encouragement to the idea.

The play began, and it happened to be *the Fair Penitent*. I uttered a kind of exclamation of wonder. The lady turned round. It was CALISTA: you may conceive our astonishment, our emotion, and our joy; for every other sentiment in a moment gave way to the joy of seeing each other again. I no longer thought of my absurdities, of my sorrow, or of my wife; nor she of her husband: we had found each other, and for one quarter of an hour, we could think of nothing but that. She appeared rather pale, and dressed with less accurate neatness than usual, but more beautiful than I had ever seen her. What an accident, said she, what happiness! I came to hear the same play, which, upon this same stage, decided the fate of my life. It is the first
time

time that I have been here since that period. I never before could muster courage to come, but now heavier sorrows have made me insensible to that kind of shame. I came to review the commencement, and to meditate upon the course of my life; and I have found you here, you the true and the only interesting object of that life, the constant subject of my thoughts, of my recollection, of my regrets; you whom I never flattered myself with the hope of seeing again. It was a long time before I could answer her, and we continued looking at each other, as if each of us were anxious to be assured that it was the other. Is it, indeed, you? said I at last; yes, it is yourself! I came here without any design, merely to pass away the time. I should have thought myself happy to have heard any news of you, after a thousand enquiries,

quiries, which I meant to make. And now I find yourself, alone, and so circumstanced that we may have, for some hours at least, that pleasure which was formerly in our power at every hour, and during the whole of every day! I then begged her to agree that we should each of us relate the history of the time which had passed since our separation, so that we might understand each other better, and talk more at our ease. She consented, and desiring me to begin, she listened to me without interruption, except that when I accused myself, she excused me; when I spoke of her, she smiled tenderly; and when she saw that I was wretched, she looked at me with pity. The little regard that subsisted between Lady BETTY and me did not seem to give her any pleasure, and she did not affect to be much grieved by it. I see,
said

said she, that I have never been either entirely despised or forgotten, and that is all I could hope for. I thank you for it, and I am grateful to heaven for permitting me to know it. I will now give you the history of my life during this last melancholy year.

I will not attempt to describe to you all that I felt on the road from Bath to London, trembling at the least noise which I heard behind me, yet not daring to look back for fear I should be convinced that it was not you; convinced at length, in spite of myself, yet still flattering myself anew, only to be afresh disappointed. But, it is enough—if you cannot conceive what I wish to tell you, it will be impossible for me ever to explain it. When I reached London, I found that my uncle had been dead some days, and that he had left me his fortune, which, after
the

the payment of all legacies, amounted, besides the house, to near thirty thousand pounds.

This event affected me very much, though the death of a man of eighty-four was any day less remarkable than his life; and I felt a kind of uneasiness, the cause of which I could not make out for some time. At length, however, I discerned it to be, that I had an additional reason not to break off my marriage. It seemed to me nearly impossible, after having before listened to the addresses of Mr. M——, to refuse him the moment I had any thing to give him in exchange for the name and the honourable establishment which he had offered me. I should have felt this conduct as tainting me with a kind of dishonour, to which I had not been accustomed. He waited upon me the next day, and shewed me a statement of

of

of his fortune, as clear as it was ample, and a marriage settlement ready drawn, by which he gave me three hundred pounds a-year, and besides that, a dowry of five thousand pounds. He knew nothing of my fortune, which I now informed him of. I refused the annual settlement, but I requested that *if* the marriage were concluded, a phrase which I frequently repeated, I should be allowed the enjoyment, and sole property, of whatever I had received, or might receive, from the uncle of Lord L——; and I begged that he would consider me as wholly free till the moment I had pronounced *yes* in the church. You see, sir, said I, how much agitated I am, and I request that what I have hitherto said, may be considered as nothing, and that you will give me your word of honour, not to reproach me if I should refuse you,

even the very moment before the ceremony is finished. I give you this promise," answered he, if you change of your own accord; but if any one else come and make you change, he shall either have my life or I will have his. A man who has known you so long, and not made you the offer I have done, does not deserve to be preferred to me. After this, the very thing I had before the most anxiously wished, seemed to be what I had most to fear. He soon returned with the settlement altered in the way which I had pointed out; but he had added five thousand pounds, which he gave me to be laid out in jewels, furniture, or pictures, of which I was to have the sole property for ever. A clergyman was at length engaged, the licence procured, and witnesses in readiness. Even then, I requested one hour of solitude and liberty.

liberty. I wrote to you, and gave my letter to the faithful JAMES. No letter from you reached me. The hour passed away, we went to church, and I was married. Let me breathe a moment, said she; and seemed to attend to the actors, and the CALISTA upon the stage, which made her tears seem natural enough to the people near us, who observed that she was weeping. She then recommenced her story: some days afterwards, the affairs relating to my inheritance being settled, and my husband having taken possession of the property, he carried me down to his estate in the country; the uncle of my Lord L—— having made me promise, when I took my leave of him, that I would come and see him, as often as he applied to me to do so. I was perfectly well received in the country where we resided. Servants,

tenants, friends, neighbours, even the proudest, or those who had the most right to be so, all treated me with the greatest kindness and respect; and as far as the conduct of others was concerned, I might have supposed that they knew my character by nothing but the most favourable reports. For the first time I began to doubt, whether your father were not mistaken, and whether it were quite certain, that dishonour was inseparably attached to me. I, for my part, neglected nothing which might give pleasure to others, or make up for any trouble I might cause. My old habit of suiting my actions, my words, my gestures, and my very countenance to the taste of others, revived, and served me so effectually, that I dare affirm, Mr. M—— never, for four months, passed one disagreeable moment. I never mentioned your name;

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the dresses which I wore, the musick which I played, were all different from those I used at Bath. In fact, I was two different persons, and the whole business of one was to keep the other in silence and disguise. Love, (for my husband had a real passion for me,) seconded my efforts by its illusions, and he seemed to think that no person had ever been so dear to me as himself. He, indeed, deserved all that I did, and all that I could have done for his happiness during the longest life; and alas! this happiness only lasted four months. We were dining one day with one of our neighbours, when a gentleman, who had just come from London, mentioned a marriage which had been celebrated a long time, but only made publick a few days ago. He could not recollect the name at first, but at length he named you. I

said nothing, but I fainted away, and remained two hours in a state of insensibility. I continued to be affected in the most dreadful way, for some days, and it ended in a miscarriage, the consequences of which reduced me twenty times to the brink of the grave. I scarcely ever saw Mr. M——. A lady who had heard my story and pitied my situation, kept him away from me, that I might not observe the grief which preyed upon him, nor hear his reproaches; and, at the same time, she neglected nothing which might tend to console and soothe him—nay, she did more. I had taken it into my head that you were privately married before I left Bath; that you had been engaged before you returned to that place; that you had deceived me in saying that you did not know Lady BETTY, and permitted me to ornament the apartment

ment of my rival, purposely making use of my zeal, my industry, and my exertions, in order to make your court to her; and finally, that at the very time you appeared hurt to find Mr. M—— with me, you were yourself engaged, perhaps even married. This lady, I say, seeing me perpetually dwelling upon these melancholy conjectures, and recurring a thousand times to the most heart-rending reflections, enquired, without hinting her intentions to me, concerning the impression which my going away made upon you, the conduct of your father, the exact period of your marriage, that of your going abroad, delayed by the stormy weather; your conduct during your travels, and upon your return. She contrived to come at the exact knowledge of every thing, by conversing with your own servants, and with Sir

HARRY

HARRY himself, and her information was perfectly correct; for what you now tell me, corresponds with it most accurately. I was comforted, and I thanked her a thousand times, weeping, and kissing her hands, which I moistened with my tears. When alone in the night, I said to myself, I shall at least be spared the misery of despising and hating him; I have not been the victim of a plot, nor of premeditated treachery. He has not made sport of my love, and my blind attachment. I was comforted, and recovered my health sufficiently to return to my usual mode of life; and I hoped, by means of constant care and the kindest attentions, to make my husband forget the dreadful impression he had received. I have not, however, been able to succeed. Indifference, if not hatred, had succeeded to love. I, however, still
interested

interested him during the time that a return of my illness seemed to threaten my life; but as soon as I was better, he fled from his house, and when, occasionally entering it, he observed her who had so short a time before made it delightful to him, I saw him shudder. I have contended, for three months, against this unhappy disposition of mind, and that much more from regard to him than to myself. Always alone, or with the lady from whom I have received such essential services, constantly employed for him, or in something about his house, neither writing nor receiving any letter whatever; my sorrow and my humiliation, for his friends had all forsaken me, I thought ought to have moved him; but he was determined against me, without the hope of change. He never uttered one syllable of reproach, and,

con-

consequently, I had no opportunity of saying any thing in my excuse or justification. Once or twice I endeavoured to speak, but I found it impossible to utter one word. At last, having received a letter from the General, informing me that he was ill, and requesting that I would go and see him either alone or with Mr. M——, I laid it before him. You may go, madam, said he. The next day I set out, and leaving FANNY, that I might not appear to have deserted his house, or to consider myself as banished, I told her to suffer my trunks and boxes to lie open, and liable to be inspected by all the world; but I believe he has never condescended to take notice of any thing, nor even to ask a single question about me. Such, then, is the return to London of her who was so much beloved by my Lord, of her whom you
once

once loved yourself! I feel, at this moment, more miserable and more deserted than when I came out to play at this same theatre, without one person to whom I belonged, except a mother who bartered me for money.

CALISTA did not weep when she had finished her narrative; she seemed to consider her destiny with a kind of astonishment mixed with horror, rather than sorrow. I, for my part, remained absorbed in the most gloomy reflections. Do not afflict yourself, said she, smiling; I am not worth the trouble I cost you. I well know that the end will not be happy, and I have moments of such exquisite delight! The pleasure of meeting you here would alone compensate for an age of pain. What am I after all but a kept mistress, whom you have honoured too much by your attentions? And then, with a tranquil voice

voice and air, she enquired after Sir HARRY, and if he were fond of his little sister.

I talked to her of her own health. I am not well, said she, nor do I think I shall ever perfectly recover; but I feel that sorrow will be some time in destroying a constitution naturally strong. We conversed a little about future prospects, as whether it would be right for her to desire to return into Northumberland, where her duty alone could lead her, without any attachment, attraction, or hope of happiness? Or ought she to prevail upon the General to take her with him to pass the winter in France? Whether, if both she and I should pass the winter in London, we might venture to see each other, or whether we should have resolution not to see each other? The play being finished, we went out without

without having agreed upon any thing; without knowing where we should go; without having thought of separating, meeting again, or continuing together. The sight of JAMES raised me from this total absence of mind. Ah, JAMES! said I. Ah, sir! is it you?—by what chance, by what good fortune? Stop, I will call a coach instead of this chair. It was JAMES who thus decided that I should pass a few moments long with CALISTA. Where do you wish to go, said he? To St. James's Park, answered she, after having looked at me. Let us pass one moment longer together, no one will ever know it. It is the first secret of mine that JAMES ever had to keep, and I am sure he will not betray it; but if you wish to check the belief which may be paid to the reports of those who might see us at the play, and prevent our meeting

from attracting attention, return into the country this night or to-morrow morning; it will then be thought, that finding me is of little importance to you, since you leave me so soon.

It is thus that we see a gleam of happiness recal the love of propriety, and a regard to the tranquillity of another, in a mind naturally generous and noble. But write to me, added she, advise me, tell me your plans. There is nothing now to hinder me from occasionally receiving letters from you. I approved all her arrangement, I promised to set out immediately, and to write to her. We now reached the Park-gate, it grew very dark, and the thunder began to roll. Are you not afraid, said I? Oh! that it would strike me alone, said she, and all would be well. But, if you think it better that we should not go to a distance from the gate and
the

coach, let us sit down here upon this bench; and after having looked a moment at the sky, This is not an evening for any one to walk, said she, and I shall neither be seen nor heard. She then cut off, almost in the dark, a lock of my hair, which she put into her bosom, and folding both her arms round me, she said—What shall we do without each other? In one half hour, I shall be as I have been for the last year, as I have been for the last six months, as I was this morning:—What shall I do, if I should yet have some time to live? Is it your wish that we should live together? Have you not sufficiently obeyed your father? Have you not a wife of his own choice? And have you not given him a granddaughter? Let us resume our genuine ties. Whom shall we hurt by so doing? My husband hates me, and no longer

longer wishes to live with me ; your wife has no greater affection for you— Ah ! do not answer, cried she, putting her hand upon my mouth. Do not refuse me, and yet do not consent. Till now, I have only been miserable ; let me not then become guilty. I could bear my own faults but not yours ; and I should never pardon myself for having degraded you ! Alas ! how unhappy I am ; and how tenderly I love you ! No man was ever loved as I loved you ! and, pressing me in her arms, she shed a flood of tears. I am ungrateful, added she a moment afterwards ; I am ungrateful to say, that I am unhappy ; I would not give up for any thing in the world, the pleasure which I have had to-day, the pleasure which I still enjoy at this moment. The thunder was become very awful, and the heavens appeared as if on fire : CALISTA
seemed

seemed neither to see nor to observe any thing; but JAMES running towards us, called out, For heaven's sake, madam, come away! the hail is just coming on, and you have been ill! And taking her under his arm, as soon as he came up to her, he hurried her to the coach, made her get in, and shut the door upon her. I remained alone in the dark, and I never saw her more.

The next morning, very early, I set out for the country. My father, surprised at my return, and at the uneasiness into which he saw me plunged, in the most friendly manner enquired into the reason. He had now acquired a right to my confidence, and I readily related all that had passed, to him. In your place, said he, for I must not now speak as a father; in your place I should be wholly at a loss what to do. She has said, " Let us resume our genuine

"ties." Was she right in this? She herself would not persevere in wishing it:—it was said in a moment of disorder, from which her reason soon recovered itself. I walked backwards and forwards, with hasty steps, in the gallery where we were. My father, leaning his head upon the table, supported it between his two hands; when the noise of company put an end to this embarrassing situation.

My lady was returning from a hunting party, and appeared to be afraid of something unpleasant from my coming home so soon, for she changed colour as soon as she saw me: I, however, passed on one side of her and her friends without speaking. I had only just time to dress before dinner, and I took my seat at table with the same air as usual. Every thing which I saw convinced me that my lady was happy in my absence,
and

and that the sudden returns of her husband by no means suited her plans. My father was so struck with this, that when we rose from table, he said to me, pressing my hand with a mixture of regret and sorrow,—Why was it necessary that I should take CALISTA from you! And on your part, why did you not make her known to me? Who could know, who could even guess, that there was such a difference between one woman and another, and that this one should love you with such a true and constant passion? Seeing me going into my room he followed me, and we continued sitting opposite to one another, without speaking, for a long time. The sound of a carriage made us look up the avenue. It was my lord ***, the father of the young man with whom you now see me. He came directly up stairs to me, and, without
any

any preface, thus addressed me. "Let
 " us see whether, having it in your
 " power, you be disposed to do me an
 " essential service. I have an only son,
 " and I am anxious that he should
 " travel; but he is very young, and I
 " cannot accompany him, because it is
 " not in my wife's power to leave her
 " father, and she would die of sorrow
 " and *ennui* if she were to be deprived
 " of her son and husband at the same
 " time. I have said that my son is very
 " young, and yet I declare I would ra-
 " ther suffer him to travel alone, than
 " intrust him to any one whatever but
 " yourself. You are not upon the best
 " terms with your wife, and you have
 " never been more than four months
 " out of England. I can only add, that
 " my son is an amiable young man,
 " and that you should pay the expences
 " equally between you. Come, since
 " I have

“ I have found you with your father,
 “ I will only give you both one quarter
 “ of an hour to decide in.” I looked
 at my father. He took me aside: Consider this, said he, as the interference of Providence to rescue us from the consequences of your weakness and my own. She who is in fact driven from her husband, and who, in London, forms the sole comfort of a respectable old man, her benefactor, will remain in London. I shall lose you, but I have deserved to do so. You on your part will do an important service to another father, and to a young man of great promise; and this will be a consolation to me, the full value of which I will endeavour to feel. I will go, said I, returning to my Lord, but only upon two conditions, which I will mention to you as soon as I have breathed a little fresh air. I agree to them before hand, said he, pressing

sing my hand, and I give you my best thanks. My two conditions were, that we should begin by visiting Italy, in order that my influence over the young man might be as strong as possible during our residence in that country; the other, that at the end of one year I should be allowed, whether satisfied with his conduct or not, to give him up the moment I pleased, without offending his parents. That very night I wrote CALISTA an account of all that had passed. I begged her to answer my letter, and promised to continue to write to her. Do not, said I to her, let us deny ourselves an innocent pleasure, and that the only one now left for us.

I thought it best for us to go by sea, that we might acquire experience in that way also. We therefore embarked at Plymouth, and landed at Lisbon.

From

From thence we travelled by land to Cadiz, and again by sea to Messina, where we saw the dreadful vestiges of the late earthquake. I recollect, madam, having given you a full account of this, and you are also acquainted with our passing over the mountains of St. Gothard, after residing a year in Italy, visiting the glaciers and baths in the country of the Valais, then going to see the salt works, and arriving at Lausanne in the beginning of last winter. Here some traits of resemblance attached me to you, your house afforded me an asylum, and your goodness and attention some degree of consolation. All that remains is to give you some farther account of the unhappy

CALISTA.

I received her answer to my letter just as I was going on shipboard. She complained of her hard fate, but yet approved

approved of my conduct, and of my intended travels, and made a thousand vows and prayers for their success. She also wrote to my father to thank him for the pity he had expressed towards her, and to beg his pardon for all the uneasiness she had caused him. The winter came on, and as the uncle of Lord L. did not get well of the gout, she resolved to stay in London. He was in the mean time seriously ill for some time, and she generally passed all her days and half her nights in nursing him. As soon as he was a little better, he, with a view of amusing her and supporting his own spirits, continued to have the best gentlemen-society in London at his house. His stile of company was either great dinners or gay suppers, after which play was introduced, and often lasted till late at night: and he loved too well to see CALISTA appear

pear as the ornament of the party to allow her to leave them till they separated. At other times he urged her to go out into company, telling her, that retiring so entirely from the world would make it supposed that she had deserved to be in disgrace with her husband, and that even he would judge more favourably of her when he learned that she durst shew herself, and was well received every where. All this fatigue was too much for a person whose health, after having received a violent shock, continued to be undermined by a constant and deep-rooted sorrow, (pardon me if I mention with a kind of pride what has cost me very dear) by constant sorrow for being obliged to live far from me. Her letters, always filled with the most tender sentiments, left me no doubt of the invariable constancy of her attachment.

Towards the spring she wrote me one, which gave me, at the same time, the greatest pleasure and the most acute uneasiness.

“ I was yesterday, said she, at the
 “ play; I had beforehand secured my-
 “ self a place in the same box in which
 “ we met last September. I think my
 “ good angel inhabits that place. I
 “ had scarcely sat down, when I heard
 “ a boy’s voice call out: Ah, my dear
 “ mistress CALISTA, is that you? But
 “ how thin you are grown. Look at
 “ her, sir! your son would never in-
 “ troduce you to her, but you may
 “ now see her. The person he spoke
 “ to was your father. He addressed
 “ me with an air which it would be
 “ absurd even to attempt to describe;
 “ were it possible to write with my
 “ eyes, it would still be difficult to
 “ express all that his countenance
 “ spoke,

“ spoke, of respect, tenderness, and
 “ regret. But what have you done to
 “ make yourself so thin? continued Sir
 “ HARRY. Many things, my good
 “ friend, said I. But you are greatly
 “ grown, and look as if you had always
 “ behaved well, and been happy. I
 “ am, however, much grieved, replied
 “ he, not to be with our friend in Italy,
 “ and I cannot help thinking that I
 “ have more right to be with him than
 “ his cousin; but I always suspected
 “ that my mamma was averse to our
 “ being together; for example, she was
 “ resolutely determined to send me to
 “ Westminster, while he would wil-
 “ lingly have kept me always with him,
 “ and even offered to teach me all my
 “ lessons, which would have been a
 “ much pleasanter thing than West-
 “ minster school. And besides, we
 “ should then have had an opportunity

“ of frequently talking about you. It
 “ is so long since I have seen you, that
 “ I must open my whole heart to you.
 “ I have often thought also, that my
 “ loving you so much, and having been
 “ so much grieved when you left us,
 “ did me no good in the opinion of my
 “ mamma; but I will say no more, for
 “ she looks at me from the opposite
 “ box, and may, perhaps, guess what
 “ I am saying from my looks. You
 “ may conceive the effect these few
 “ words produced. I durst not, from
 “ the dread of Lady BETTY’s observa-
 “ tion, have recourse to my smelling-
 “ bottle, and I breathed with difficulty.
 “ You are not pale, however, said Sir
 “ HARRY, and I hope this proves that
 “ you are not seriously ill. My colour
 “ is owing to my wearing rouge, said I.
 “ You would not have done so eighteen
 “ months ago, answered he. Your
 father

“ father at length begged him to suffer
 “ me to be quiet a few moments, and
 “ then, after a little pause, he asked me
 “ if I had heard from you lately, and
 “ repeated to me the substance of your
 “ last letters. I remained in my place
 “ till the first act was over, but the
 “ looks of your wife and her party
 “ constantly fixed upon me, at last
 “ obliged me to go out. Sir HARRY
 “ ran to look for my chair, and your
 “ father had the goodness to hand me
 “ to it.”

About the month of June she was
 advised to drink asses milk. The ge-
 neral was anxious that she should take
 it at her own house, and was confident
 that she had only to shew herself, in
 order to be kindly received by the man
 who had been so passionately ena-
 moured of her, and to revive all his
 former sentiments, which she so well

merited. It was I, said he, who in some measure made you marry, I will myself attend you home, and we will see if any one dare to receive you ill. CALISTA obtained his leave to inform her husband of her intentions, but not to wait for his answer. When they arrived they found this letter.

“ The general is perfectly right in
 “ his advice, and you act with great
 “ propriety in determining to come
 “ home. Try to re-establish your
 “ health here, where you will find
 “ yourself perfect mistress of every
 “ thing. I have given the most posi-
 “ tive orders to this effect, although
 “ there was no necessity for my doing
 “ so, for my servants are yours. I have
 “ loved you too ardently, and still
 “ esteem you too highly, not to flatter
 “ myself that I shall yet one day live
 “ happily with you: but the impression
 of

“ of my disappointment is at present
 “ too strong upon my mind, and I
 “ could not avoid shewing it in my
 “ conduct towards you. I mean to try
 “ to overcome it entirely, by travelling
 “ for a few months; from which I have
 “ the more reason to hope for success,
 “ as I have never been out of my own
 “ country. You cannot write to me,
 “ not knowing how to address your
 “ letters, but you shall hear from me,
 “ and that will convince the world that
 “ we are upon good terms with each
 “ other. Adieu, madam! it is with the
 “ utmost sincerity that I wish you bet-
 “ ter health, and I am deeply grieved
 “ for having shewn so much chagrin at
 “ an action which was involuntary, and
 “ which you have exerted yourself so
 “ much to make up for; but my disap-
 “ pointment and mortification quite
 “ overcame me. Assure Mrs. M***

“ of

“ of my sincere regard; she has well
 “ deserved it, and I now readily do her
 “ the justice to say so. I could not at
 “ the time persuade myself that there
 “ was not some secret correspondence,
 “ some connexion between you and the
 “ happy man to whom you had given
 “ your whole heart, and it was in vain
 “ that she urged the effect of surprise
 “ upon you as a proof of there being
 “ none: I was too much affected to lis-
 “ ten to the voice of reason.”

The departure of Mr. M***, how-
 ever, having made a deeper impression
 than his orders, she was at first rather
 coolly received; but her protector took
 so high a tone, and she shewed so
 much gentleness, she was so good, so
 charitable, so just, and so dignified in
 her conduct, that very soon all her dif-
 ficulties vanished, and her neighbours,
 as well as her own family, treated her
 in

in the most respectful, and kindest manner. And, what is rather uncommon in a country neighbourhood, her new friends were as discreet as they were attentive; and she was allowed, during the time she drank the asses milk, to enjoy all the tranquillity which depended upon others. She wrote to me to say, that it had done her some good, and that her looks began to improve; but, in the middle of her cure, the General fell ill of that tedious disorder of which he at last died. They were under the necessity of returning to London; and sitting up, the attention she paid him, and the grief which she felt, gave CALISTA a severe and a last blow. Her steady friend, her constant protector and benefactor, left her upon his death-bed, such a sum in the three per cents. as would produce six hundred pounds a year, to be received from part of his fortune

tune

tune which was the most certain, this to be ascertained by the opinion of counsel.

Immediately after his death, she went to live in her house at Whitehall, which she had the winter before amused herself with repairing. She there continued to receive the visits of the friends of Lord L—— and his uncle, and began to amuse herself by having, once a week, a concert of the best musicians in London, which is nearly the same as saying the best in Europe. I learned all this from herself. She wrote me also that she had taken into her house a singer from the theatre, who was disgusted with her profession, and given her as much as enabled her to marry a musician, who was a very respectable man. They are both very useful to me, said she, in teaching musick to the little orphans whom I myself instruct to work, and who thus learn, in my house,

house, a profession which may be useful to them. When I am told, that I am only preparing them for the trade of courtezans, I answer that I take none but such as are very handsome and miserably poor, and that these two things united lead to certain destruction in such a town as London, and their being able to sing a little, adds nothing to the risk; after all, I think I may venture to say, that it is better to begin and to end as I have done, than to be a street-walker for life, and then die in a hospital. They sing the chorusses from Esther and Athalia, which I have had translated, and set to very fine musick for the purpose; I have a person at this time employed in doing the same thing with the hundred and third, and the hundred and fourth psalms. This amuses me, and they have no other relaxation. All these
 details

details did not, I confess to you, madam, prepare me for the shocking letter which I received about eight days ago. Send it back to me, I will never part with it till my own death.

“ It is now my friend, that I can
 “ truly say to you, *it is all over*. Yes,
 “ it is over for ever. I must now bid
 “ you an eternal adieu. I will not tell
 “ you by what symptoms it is that I
 “ perceive the approach of death; it
 “ would only be to fatigue myself
 “ without reason, and I am perfectly
 “ certain that I do not deceive you,
 “ nor am deceived myself.

“ Your father came to see me to-
 “ day, and I was much affected by this
 “ mark of his kindness. He said to
 “ me, If, in the spring, madam, if, in
 “ the spring——(he could scarcely
 “ force himself to add)—you are still
 “ alive, I will myself attend you into
 “ Provence,

“Provence, to Nice, or into Italy.—
 “My son is at present in Switzer-
 “land, and I will write to him to
 “meet us. It is too late, answered I,
 “but I am not the less sensible of
 “your goodness. He added nothing
 “more, but this silence was from a
 “regard to propriety, for it was plain
 “that he thought of many things which
 “he had a strong desire to say. I en-
 “quired after your daughter; he told
 “me that she was well, and that he
 “would some time ago have sent her
 “to see me, had she borne the least re-
 “semblance to you; but that, though
 “only eighteen months old, she was
 “already very like her mother. I
 “begged him to send Sir HARRY to
 “see me, and I told him that I would,
 “by his hands, make him a present
 “which I durst not do by my own.
 “He said that he should with pleasure
 VOL. II. 8 “receive

“ receive any thing from my hands,
 “ which I might please to give him : I
 “ then presented him with your por-
 “ trait, which you sent me from Italy;
 “ I will give Sir HARRY the copy
 “ which I made of it, but I will keep
 “ the one which you first gave me, and
 “ will direct it to be sent back to you
 “ after my death,

“ I have not contributed to your
 “ happiness during my life, and I shall
 “ leave you miserable by my death,
 “ which is fast approaching ; still,
 “ however, I cannot persuade myself
 “ to wish that I had never known you :
 “ even had I reason to reproach my-
 “ self, I should not be able to do so.
 “ The last moment we saw each other
 “ often comes to my mind, and I fear
 “ that there was a kind of impious
 “ audacity in our total forgetfulness
 “ of that danger with which we were
 “ certainly

“ certainly both of us threatened. It
 “ is that, perhaps, which is called bra-
 “ ving heaven; but an atom, a piece of
 “ dust, how can it be said to defy the
 “ Almighty? Can it ever think of
 “ doing so? And even supposing that,
 “ in a moment of madness, one should
 “ set at naught God and his judge-
 “ ments, is it possible that the Al-
 “ mighty should be angry? If, how-
 “ ever, I have offended thee, Father
 “ and Ruler of the world, I implore
 “ thy pardon, for myself and for him
 “ in whom I inspired this rash and
 “ misguided security. Adieu! my
 “ friend; write to me to say that you
 “ have received my letter; say no more
 “ than those few words: there is little
 “ reason to suppose that they will find
 “ me alive; but if I should live to re-
 “ ceive them, I shall once more have

“the pleasure to see characters traced
“by your hand.”

Since this letter, madam, I have heard no more. It is too late, as she has said, it is too late. Ah! wretch that I am, I have always waited till it is too late, and my father has done the same. Alas! why did she not love some other man; some man who had a different father? She would then have been still alive, and not have fallen the victim of disappointment and sorrow.

LETTER XXII.

MADAM,

I HAVE not yet received any letters. There are moments when I think that I still may venture to hope. But no, I do so without reason—I hope

no more. I consider her as already dead, and I feel as if deprived of all that was dear to me in this world. I had accustomed myself to her illness, as I before did to her prudence, and to being considered as her lover. I never thought of the possibility of her marrying; I was as far from suspecting that she would die, and I must now bear as well as I can, what I had not the firmness of mind to foresee. Before the last blow is struck, or at least whilst I am ignorant of it, I hasten to profit by what little presence of mind remains to me, to tell you a thing which (though it perhaps may be of no importance) it appears proper that I should mention to you. For some days, being wholly absorbed in the recollection of past events, which the history I have given you (as well as other circumstances) has brought fresh to

my memory, I have spoken to no one, not even to my Lord. This morning I pressed his hand, when he came to enquire how I had slept, and instead of giving him an answer: Young man, said I to him, if ever you interest the heart of a woman, truly tender and affectionate, and if you do not perceive in your own the power of repaying all her tenderness, and all her sacrifices, fly far from her, endeavour to forget her; or be assured, that you must necessarily expose her to numberless misfortunes, and yourself to dreadful and unceasing regret. He remained in my room, and seemed thoughtful, and in about an hour after, what I had once said about your daughter's having reasons for not living with us in a kind of retirement from the world, seemed to strike him, and he asked me if I thought she was attached to any one. I replied
that

that I had some suspicion. He then asked if I meant that it was to him. I answered that I had sometimes been induced to think so. If it be so, said he, it is a great pity that Miss CECILIA should have been of so respectable a family; for as to my marrying her, at my age, it is a thing quite out of the question. Once more, however, I must say, that what I now tell you cannot be of any consequence.

I never spoke or thought thus. I would at all times have preferred CALISTA to my liberty, or to a crown; and yet, after all, what have I done for her? Thus it often happens; while, on the other hand, we sometimes sacrifice every thing to those who are wholly indifferent to us.

LETTER XXIII.

WHAT interest can you take, madam, in the fate of a man who is, it is true, one of the most unhappy beings in existence, but at the same time the most deserving to be so! I am constantly employed in revolving in my mind what is past, without being able to account for the principles of my own conduct. I do not know whether all those wretches, who have fallen from the condition in which fortune had placed them, feel as I do, but if they do, I sincerely pity them. Never did the thoughts of the scaffold upon which Charles the First suffered, affect me with so much sorrow, as during the comparison which I made to-day between his fate and my own. I appear to have done nothing which it was natural for me to have done, in the situations.

tions in which I was placed. I ought to have married CALISTA, without asking for a consent which was by no means necessary. I ought to have prevented her from promising not to marry me without that consent. If all my efforts had failed to move my father, I ought then to have made her my mistress, that is, as far as related to herself and me, my wife, which was what her whole heart demanded of me, as I plainly perceived in spite of what she said. I must have been grossly stupid, not to have understood her when she, having sent away all her servants, wished to detain me. When I returned, I ought to have forced open her door; the next day, I should have obliged her to see me, or have pursued her when she had escaped from me. Again, I should not have united myself to any other, nor have led her to believe that

I had

I had beforehand given her place in my heart to another woman, still less that she had been betrayed or forgotten. When I had once met her again, I should never have parted with her more; I might, at least, have been as attentive and zealous as her faithful JAMES, and then, perhaps, I need not have permitted her to go home alone; and JAMES might have been prevailed upon to conceal me in the same house with her, as I was perfectly unknown to every individual in the family of her protector. And this autumn, nay, this winter even, how have I acted? I knew that her husband had gone far from her; why, then, did I not hasten to her, (instead of dreaming about her in your chimney-corner) in order to sooth her uneasiness, and partake in her fatigues? Why did I not try to recal her to health and life, by my caresses.

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and attention! Or why, at least, as the reward of her long and tender attachment, did I not afford her the satisfaction of seeing me in her dying moments, and of knowing that she had not thrown away her love upon an automaton; of knowing that if I could not love her as well as she deserved, I could at least lament her? But, it is too late, my sorrow is also too late, and she must for ever remain ignorant of it.— That nothing in this world can now reach her, is but too certain; and it is time that I should summon courage to believe that she is no more: had one spark of hope remained, she would have softened the impression which her last letter must make upon me; for she, alas! she knew how to love. Behold me, then, a solitary being upon the earth. She who loved me, is no more!

I had

I had not courage enough to prevent this blow, and now I have not strength of mind to endure it,

LETTER XXIV.

MADAM,

Having been informed that you mean to set out to-morrow, I intended to have done myself the honour of calling upon you, to wish both you and Miss CECILIA a pleasant journey, and to assure you that nothing could lessen the chagrin I feel for your departure, but the full hope which I entertain of meeting you both again; but I cannot possibly leave my cousin. The impression which has been made upon him by a letter he received this morning is so strong, that M. Tissot has positively

positively forbidden either myself or his servant to leave him for a moment. The person also who brought this letter continues with him, but he is nearly as much afflicted as my friend, and I think he is more likely to destroy himself, than to hinder him from doing so. I earnestly intreat you, madam, to retain for me that kindness, the full value of which I have felt, more sensibly, perhaps, than you imagine; and to believe that my gratitude can only end with my life.

I have the honour to be, &c.

EDWARD ***.

LETTER XXV.

SHE who loved you so much, died the day before yesterday. I do not mean this manner of describing her, as a reproach: I have long since

pardoned her; and indeed, in reality, she never did any thing to offend me. It is true, that she never opened her heart to me; but I am by no means certain, that she ought to have done so; and even if she had, I am not clear but I should have married her, for I loved her most passionately. She was the most amiable, and I may add, to my eyes and my heart, the only amiable woman I ever knew. If she did not inform me of the whole truth, she, at least, did not attempt to deceive me; but I deceived myself. You had not married her; and was it credible, that if she loved you, she should not be inclined and able to prevail upon you to do so? You, doubtlessly, are acquainted with the manner in which I was so cruelly undeceived in this respect; and although I now repent of having shewn so much disappointment
and

and chagrin, I cannot yet be surprised, that (losing at once the persuasion of being loved, and the hope of having a child to call her mother) I should not be able to keep my moderation. Fortunately, it is very certain, that this did not kill her. I, beyond a doubt, was not the cause of her death : and, although I have been jealous of you, yet I prefer my situation to yours.— There is no proof, however, that even you have any reason to reproach yourself, and I beg that you may not take my words in that sense. Should you do so, you might fairly think me unjust and rash, as well as cruel ; for I doubt not but you are deeply afflicted.

The same day that Mrs. M*** wrote you her last letter, she sent to me to beg me to hasten to see her. I went without a moment's delay ; and found her household arrangements in all re-

spects like those of a person in health, and she herself also the same in appearance, except her extreme thinness.

I was happy to be able to tell her, that she did not appear to me so ill as she thought herself; but she answered me, with a smile, that I was deceived by a little rouge which she had put on in the morning, and that this contrivance had spared FANNY some tears, and JAMES as many sighs. In the evening I saw the little girls, whom she had undertaken to educate; they sung, and she accompanied them at the organ: it was a most affecting kind of musick, and very like what I have heard in some of the churches in Italy. The next morning, they sung other hymns of the same kind; and this musick always began and ended the day. After this was over, Mrs. M*** read me her will, begging me, if I wished for any change

change in it, to tell her freely ; but I found nothing in it to be altered.

She left her fortune to the poor in the following manner. The moiety of what is in the three per cents. to be for ever vested in the Lord-Mayor of London, for the time being, for the purpose of bringing up three little boys, taken annually from the Foundling hospital, in the trades of a pilot, a carpenter, and a cabinet-maker.—The first of these professions, she observed, will be chosen by the boldest, the second by the most robust, and the third by the most dextrous. The other moiety of her property, she left in the hands of the Bishop of London, for the time being, for the purpose of selecting every year, two young women from the Magdalen hospital, and fixing them in partnership with well-established tradeswomen, giving to

each one hundred and fifty guineas, to be put into business ; and she recommended this foundation to the piety and goodness of the Bishop, his wife, and female relations. Of the five thousand pounds which I gave her, she refused to dispose of any part, except one thousand to FANNY, and five hundred to JAMES ; though the fortune of her uncle, which I received with her in marriage, was worth at least thirty-five thousand pounds.

She begged me to continue FANNY in my service, saying that it would be doing honour to her memory, as well as to a young woman who well deserved it, and who, having never deviated from propriety, ought not to be suspected of having done so.

She leaves her clothes and jewels to Mrs. ***, of Northumberland ; her house at Bath, and all its furniture, to
Sir

Sir HARRY B——. She directs that, after the payment of her funeral expences, her ready money, and the remainder of her income for this year, shall be equally divided among her little girls, and the servants she had besides JAMES and FANNY.

Having ascertained that there was nothing in this will disagreeable to me, or against the laws, she made me, and two or three friends of Lord L——, and her uncle, promise to see it punctually executed. Having thus settled her affairs, she continued to pass her life as usual, as far as her strength, which diminished every day, would permit her; and we had, during this period, more conversation than we ever had before. I assure you, sir, that I would have given all the world to have preserved her, to have kept her alive, even if it were in the state
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she was then in, and to have passed the rest of my days with her.

Many people could not bring themselves to believe that she was so ill as she really was, and there were continued to be sent to her, as had been done all the winter, many copies of verses, sometimes addressed to her under the name of CALISTA, and at others under that of ASPASIA; these, however, she no longer read. One day, I spoke to her of the pleasure she must derive from seeing herself esteemed by the whole world. She assured me that, though she was formerly acutely sensible to contempt, she never had been so to esteem. My judges, said she, are only men and women, that is such as myself, and I must know myself much better than they can do. The only praise which ever gave me pleasure, was that of Lord L.—'s
uncle

uncle. He loved me, upon the ground of my being such a person as one ought to be; and had he been under the necessity of changing his opinion, it would have given him great uneasiness. I, too, should have much grieved at it, as I should also have been, to have died before him. My life was, in some degree, necessary to him, and to have given up his esteem for me would have been the severest loss he could have experienced.

She never allowed any one to sit up with her. I would gladly have slept in her room, but she assured me that it would be troublesome to her. FANNY's bed was only separated from her's by a thin partition, which was so contrived as to open with great ease and without any noise: FANNY waked at the slightest movement which she made, and gave her mistress whatever she

she wanted. For the few last nights, I took her place, not because she complained of being waked so often, but because the poor girl could not bear to hear her feeble voice and short breath, without bursting into tears. This, certainly, did not affect me less than it did her; but I had greater command over myself.

The day before yesterday, though Mrs. M*** was more oppressed, and more agitated, than she had yet been, yet she desired to have her Wednesday's concert as usual; but she could not take the harpsichord. She directed them to play passages from Handel's *Messiah*, from a *Miserere* which had been sent to her from Italy, and from the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese.

During a pause in the musick, she took a ring from her finger, and gave it to me. She then called JAMES, gave him

him a small box which she took from her pocket, and said, Carry it to him yourself, and, if possible, remain in his service. That is the place, tell him, that I long had an ambition to have myself. I should have been perfectly content with it.

After sitting for some moments with her eyes and clasped hands raised to heaven, she threw herself back in her easy chair, and closed her eyes. Seeing her very much exhausted, I asked her if I should stop the musick; she made a sign in the negative, and, even yet exerted herself so much as to thank me for what she called my kind attentions. As soon as the piece was finished, the musicians went out on tiptoe, thinking that she was asleep, but her eyes were closed for ever.

Thus died your CALISTA—some will say like a Pagan, and others like
a Saint;

a Saint; but the cries of her servants, the tears of the poor, the lamentations of her whole neighbourhood, and the sorrow of a husband, speak upon this subject plainer than words could do.

In thus forcing myself, sir, to give you this melancholy detail, I have considered myself as in some degree pleasing and obeying her: and from the same motive, from the same tender respect to her memory, if I cannot promise you my friendship, I, at least, abjure all sentiments of hatred.



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